# The Outlook

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*The Political Campaign*

The events of the week have tended to increase the general feeling that the candidacy of Mr. Taft in the Republican party and of Mr. Bryan in the Democratic party are showing such strength as to justify their friends, to a large extent at least, in their enthusiastically expressed belief that these two candidates are more than likely to receive nominations, if not on the first ballot, then on the second. The latest available reports as to the Republican delegates to the National Convention show that 218 delegates already selected are known to favor Mr. Taft, 64 Mr. Knox, 44 Mr. Hughes, 32 Mr. Fairbanks, 44 Mr. Cannon, and 25 Mr. La Follette. It will be remembered that there will be 980 delegates in all, and of these 496 are still to be chosen. The most important Republican conventions of last week were those in Massachusetts and New York. In Massachusetts, following the tradition of the party in that State, the Convention declared it unwise to pass a resolution instructing the delegates at large in favor of any candidate; but it is significant that the platform included the statement that "a number of the committee are favorable to Mr. Taft's candidacy, and we all recognize that a majority of the delegates to the Convention desire his nomination." The resolutions earnestly indorsed the present Administration, praised Mr. Roosevelt because he has shown "that the powerful are not too strong to be controlled, and that the weak are not too insignificant to be protected by the laws," and declared that "his policies will be carried out by the Republican party." The platform reiterates belief in the principle of protection, but adds, "the State demands and expects speedily wise revision." In New York, as was expected, the delegates at large were directly instructed to present Governor Hughes as a candidate for the Presidency; and while it was evident that the delegates were not unanimous in desiring this action, the opposition was not formidable. The platform, like that in Massachusetts, recognizes the desirability of revision of the tariff in the near future to meet existing economic conditions. Of President Roosevelt it says: "His policies are the Republican policies, and to them we pledge our loyalty and support." An interesting incident took place at a Republican county convention in Minnesota last week, when an attempt to stampede the delegates for a resolution proposing President Roosevelt as the first choice for the Presidency was defeated by Mr. Heffelfinger, the famous Yale football player of years ago, and ex-Governor Van Sant, who urged that the best way to indorse Roosevelt was to stand by Taft. Delaware will send six uninstructed delegates, chosen last week. Four are said to favor Senator Knox, two Governor Hughes. Wisconsin's four delegates at large are in favor of Senator La Follette. As to Mr. Bryan's candidacy, an apparently careful estimate published in the New York Herald last week gives these figures: Delegates already chosen who are for Bryan, or to be chosen from States that have indorsed Bryan in convention, 155; not yet chosen, but "probably for Bryan," 502; doubtful, 144; opposed to Bryan, 207. The total number of delegates in the Democratic National Convention will be 1,008; necessary to nominate under the two-thirds rule, 672. Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, has been making addresses in the South; he has publicly consented to the use of his name as a candidate; and many of his followers believe that he will make a strong contest in the National Democratic Convention as against Mr. Bryan.



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*Railway Liability*

By the extraordinary vote of 302 to 1, on Monday of last week, the House of Representatives passed the Employers' Liability Bill, and on Thursday the Senate, without an opposing vote, passed the same bill as it had come from the House. This measure, which makes inter-State railways responsible for accidents to their inter-State employees, undertakes to meet the Constitutional objections of the Supreme Court to the act passed in June, 1906. Inasmuch as the earlier measure was declared unconstitutional because it dealt not only with employees engaged in inter-State commerce, but also with employees engaged in commerce within a State, the present law specifically applies its provisions, not only to carriers engaged in inter-State commerce and in commerce within such territory as is under the control of Congress, but also to persons "employed by such carrier in such commerce." Unlike the measure of 1906, this confines its provisions to carriers "by railroad." The measure reverses the "doctrine of fellow-servant," which has been the common law since it was enunciated in England in 1837, that an employee who suffers injury because of the fault of a fellow-employee cannot recover damages from his employer. That rule, which embodied justice in a period of industrial individualism, embodies injustice at a time when industry is complex and the safety of each employee dependent upon the diligence of a host of unseen fellow-employees. The bill not only reverses the fellow-servant rule; it also undertakes to provide that the victim's own negligence shall not necessarily force him to bear all the consequences of accident; but that it shall reduce the damages in proportion to its importance as a factor in causing the accident. Finally, the measure provides that contributory negligence shall not be considered when the accident is due to the disregard by the employer of any statute designed for the protection of employees. The obligations imposed by this measure cannot be avoided by any contract; though a railway may be relieved of damages in proportion to any insurance it may provide for its employees. In the debate on the measure there were objections raised on Constitutional grounds. Inasmuch, however, as these objections were not unmistakably supported by judicial decisions, Congress, we believe, did wisely to enact the bill. The general principle of the bill is sound. It ought to have been made law long ago. This is one of those laws which need to be sustained not so much by Constitutional argument as by evidence as to present social and industrial conditions.

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*American Representatives Abroad*

The recent objection made in Germany that American prestige might suffer should there be diminution in our Berlin Embassy's social brilliancy has stirred Congress from apathy regarding American representatives abroad. Congressmen are coming to realize that brains, not money, ought to form the first passport to a candidate's favor, agreeable adjunct as the money may be. But Congressmen are also beginning to appreciate that the most important diplomatic arrangements are often not made in official conference at the various Foreign Offices; they generally have their inception at the lunch or dinner table at the various residences of diplomats. The salaries paid to American diplomats, however, as a rule forbid the acquirement of individual houses. Only the very rich can afford these. Yet every American diplomat should have a place in which he may properly receive his friends and those to whom he is accredited. The differences in fortune between successive American representatives in foreign countries is evident in the difference between the successive apartments and buildings rented by them. We ought to put an end to invidious comparisons. With permanent homes for our ambassadors, the distinctions resulting from comparative personal wealth would largely disappear, and American National dignity would gain. In a city like Berlin, for instance, where a great majority of the people live in flats, it is, of course, very expensive and unusual to keep up an individual house. Yet not only in Berlin, but also in London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Rome our ambassa-

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dors should have definite, permanent embassy buildings. If the present low salaries were paid to our diplomats, in addition to furnishing them with residences, an appointee like the late Senator Hoar, for instance, would not be likely to refuse the Embassy to England on the ground that he could not afford it, as Mr. Hoar did when President McKinley offered it to him. The feeling that America should possess diplomatic residences abroad was strengthened after Mr. Bryan's foreign trip. He was at the head of a group of men who seemed to think that not only should we have no residences abroad, but that all our diplomatic business might just as well be done by an efficient Secretary of State with the telegraph! On Mr. Bryan's return, however, he declared that some of the most able and companionable persons he had met were our diplomats; that they ought to have larger salaries or fixed residences. Very many Congressmen now hold this same opinion. As showing how widespread the feeling is among them, bills have been introduced by Mr. Perkins, of New York, Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, Mr. Küstermann, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Slayden, of Texas. Mr. Perkins's original bill has been pruned down so as to provide only for consular houses in the Orient. Mr. Küstermann's bill provides for the acquiring of lands and buildings for embassies in London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Mr. Slayden's bill provides an embassy building for the City of Mexico. Mr. Longworth's bill provides that a total sum not to exceed a million dollars shall be appropriated in one year. It authorizes the Secretary of State to expend one and a quarter millions for consular establishments, and three and three-quarter millions for diplomatic establishments. The Longworth bill should be passed.

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*Repulsed but Not Beaten*

The forces in the New York Senate antagonistic to public decency and to loyalty to the fundamental law of the State have inflicted a temporary defeat upon Governor Hughes in his fight against race-track gambling. By a vote of 25 to 25 the bills repealing the Percy-Gray Law, which for thirteen years has nullified the explicit provision of the Constitution that there shall be no gambling permitted in the State, and making gambling within a race-track equally a crime with gambling outside the race-track, failed of passage. The measures had passed the Assembly with only three dissenting votes. The votes against the bills were furnished by the Democratic minority, with two honorable exceptions —Senator Fuller, of Kings, and Senator Taylor, of Orange—and by eight Republicans. Lieutenant-Governor Chanler, who could not vote on the bills themselves because his office entitles him to vote only in case of a tie on certain motions of a purely parliamentary nature, joined the advocates of the bills in voting to lay a motion to reconsider on the table. His action saves the bills from final and absolute defeat for this session, by making it possible for them to be reconsidered if at any time a majority for them can be obtained. The opposition of the Democrats, under the leadership of men of the stamp of Grady and McCarren, was only to be expected. But the action of the eight Republicans demands better explanation than they have yet vouchsafed. Especially is this true in the case of three men, Senator Knapp, Senator Grattan, and Senator Cassidy, each of whom, a week before the vote on the bills, was committed, by his own action, to their support. It is reported, with how much truth it is impossible to say, that the race-track interests have spent $750,000 in their opposition to the attempt to destroy their special privilege in the exploitation of vice. The bills have failed for the moment, but Governor Hughes, far from being defeated, has "only just begun to fight." Within twenty-four hours of the vote on the bills he sent a special message to the Legislature, once more urging the passage of legislation "to abolish the existing discriminations in favor of race-track gambling." In no uncertain words the Governor pointed out to them their duty. "The failure of the upper branch of your honorable body to pass the measures designed to effect this purpose, after their passage in the lower branch, cannot be regarded

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as disposing of the matter. The Constitution with its peremptory mandate still stands. . . . The evil of race-track gambling flourishes, not in spite of the law, but because of the law. Legislation pretending to carry out the Constitutional provision in effect nullifies it. You are not asked to accomplish the impossible, or to write upon the statute-books a visionary scheme of moral reform. You are asked to rid our law of a vicious discrimination, whereby offenses equally condemned by the Constitution are punished as crimes if committed in one place, and are encouraged by the absence of suitable penalty if committed in another." On the same day the Governor let it be known that he intended to convene the Legislature in special session on May 11. Meanwhile he has ordered a special election in the Forty-seventh Senatorial District to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Franchot. The election of a Senator unallied with the advocates of vicious special privilege would strengthen the forces on the Governor's side. Governor Hughes is making a gallant fight; the people of the State who believe that the Constitution should be upheld, that vice should not be licensed, and that the criminal law should apply without discrimination in every part of the State, have a real and vital duty to uphold his hands.

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*Corporation Officials Converted*

The most important result of the agitation over the regulation and control of corporations which has been going on for the past three years is likely to be realized, not in the imposition of heavy fines on a few corporate violators of law, nor even in the adoption of restrictive legislation, but rather in the acceptance, by the great corporations themselves, of the principles which have come to be associated as representing President Roosevelt's policy in relation to this subject. These principles include, first, public control for corporations engaged in those lines of industry in which competition is lacking or is ineffective as a means of insuring just treatment of the consumer; second, publicity of accounts as a measure of protection against extortion or illegal operations; third, physical valuation of plant as a prerequisite to intelligent regulation of rates in the case of corporations engaged in providing public utilities. Already a considerable number of those exercising authority over the greatest corporations in the country have embraced these principles. Although it is less than two years since the Hepburn Rate Law for the regulation of railways, so bitterly opposed at the time by most of the railway managers of the country, was adopted by Congress, many of the men who fought it strenuously in formation have gone on record as approving it in operation. It is noteworthy, too, that those who have so expressed themselves for the most part are representatives of the greatest and strongest systems in the country, such as the Pennsylvania, Vanderbilt, and Rock Island groups. They hold that the incidental drawbacks of the law are more than counterbalanced by the advantages it confers in relieving the roads from the drain of a vast amount of enforced free transportation and in taking them out of politics. It is only a few weeks since Judge E. H. Gary, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Steel Trust, declared his belief in the propriety of public control and in the publication of explicit information in reference to financial operations, which is excellently illustrated by the reports of his own company.

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*The Telephone and Government Regulation*

Now comes President Theodore N. Vail, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with an official report which, in its frank and liberal treatment of the various subjects included in the relations of his company with the public, would have taken away the breath of financiers if it had been issued a few years ago. The corporation of which Mr. Vail is the head is the controlling company of the great Bell telephone system, which operates nearly four million telephones throughout the country, and therefore has direct dealings with some fifteen to twenty millions of Americans, or nearly one-quarter of the whole

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population. In his report President Vail discusses at some length the question of competition in telephone operation, and argues that competition in this particular industry involves a great direct and indirect loss to the public. This is the familiar attitude which his predecessors have held, but he adds: "It is contended that if there is to be no competition there should be public control. It is not believed that there is any serious objection to such control, provided it is independent, intelligent, considerate, thorough, and just, recognizing, as does the Inter-State Commerce Commission in its report recently issued, that capital is entitled to its fair return and good management or enterprise to its reward." This might have been an utterance of Governor Hughes himself, whose recommendations to the New York Legislature in regard to the inclusion of telephone companies within the operations of the Public Service Commissions in New York it seems to countenance. Furthermore, Mr. Vail embraces the belief that the public has the right to full information in regard to the business of corporations on whom it depends for the necessities of business, in which classification the telephone certainly may be included to-day. He says on this point: "In controversies as to rates, the policy of our associated companies has been to make a complete and absolute showing of the condition, cost and value of plant, cost and value of service, cost and necessity of proper maintenance, and the broad position is taken that neither our company nor the associated companies have anything to conceal or anything to apologize for." It is surely an encouraging sign when leading corporation men of the country adopt an attitude such as this, for it points to the hope of a fair solution of an important and vexing problem, a solution just to both investor and user, which is the only solution that can finally stand.

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*Commercial and Political Rights in Manchuria*

John Hay acted in behalf of the weak Chinese Government, as well as in the interest of all, when he secured assurances from Russia that freedom of trade—"the open door"—in Manchuria should be observed, so far as her power there was concerned. Mr. Hay also procured a like promise from Japan; but this, unlike the other, was not a difficult task. Commercial rights being thus apparently safe, the political rights of the great Chinese territory were also secured some years later under American auspices, by the treaty of Portsmouth. It binds Russia and Japan "completely and simultaneously to evacuate Manchuria, except the territory affected by the lease of the Liaotung peninsula . . . and entirely and completely to restore to the exclusive administration of China all parts of Manchuria occupied by Russian or Japanese troops or under their control, with the exception of the above-mentioned territory." It also binds Russia and Japan "to exploit their respective railways in Manchuria for commercial and industrial purposes exclusively." The Chinese Eastern Railway is ostensibly a private Russian company, really a Government concern. It has been exercising at Harbin and Chailar a kind of municipal government. Criticism of it came to a head recently when Mr. Fisher, the American Consul, refused to recognize any Russian administration, asserting that he was accredited solely to China, and that Chinese sovereignty was supreme throughout Manchuria. The Russians replied that they were merely establishing independent, self-governing municipalities at Harbin and Chailar in the narrow zones through which their railway passes, under the privilege granted by the lease of 1896. This arrangement may be compatible with Chinese sovereignty, unless the relations of those municipalities with the Chinese Government and with foreign consuls are subject to the Russian railway manager's veto, an alleged provision in the lease. Should the company have exceeded its authority, the Russian Government will hardly support it in its position, if wrong-doing can be shown. Certainly a foreign consul in China is not called upon to approve Russian decrees there. We are, fortunately, represented in Manchuria, both in the north at Harbin and in the south at Mukden,

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by agents who are quick to point out any apparent infringement of the commercial and political rights secured to China through the good offices of the American Government. The present determination of China to preserve her commercial and political independence is indicated by the commercial boycott against Japan. By this means the Chinese are protesting against what they allege is Japanese injustice in exacting an indemnity in the recent Tatsu-Maru controversy already described in The Outlook.

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*A New English Prime Minister*

The long anticipated resignation of the British Prime Minister came suddenly, at the end; for reports of physicians had been more encouraging. His illness, however, was of so serious a nature that it was known some time ago, as announced in The Outlook, that his taking up again the responsibilities and burdens of office was entirely out of the question; and it is quite likely that finally his physicians persuaded him to resign for the sake of relieving his mind of official responsibility. The appointment of his successor rested, of course, with the King; and, for the first time, it is said, in English history, the sovereign was abroad when a Ministerial crisis occurred. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resignation was telegraphed to Biarritz, and the King telegraphed in response his acceptance, expressing at the same time his great regret and his warm personal esteem. Mr. Asquith, who for several months past has been discharging the duties of the Premiership, went at once to Biarritz to "kiss hands," as the English phrase runs, and to receive his appointment by the King as Campbell-Bannerman's successor. The entire Ministry promptly resigned. The debate on the licensing bill, the most important legislation which the Government will offer at the present session, and the one involving the greatest danger to itself, had been fixed for an early date, but was postponed until after Easter, and Parliament was adjourned, all parties expressing their great confidence in the retiring Prime Minister, their warm appreciation of his public services, and their personal regard. It is idle to speculate on the threshold of an event which will so soon be decided as the constitution of the new British Ministry. The Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, like the body which supported it in the House of Commons, has been made up of a number of different factions—Liberal Imperialists, Laborites, Socialists, Home Rulers, and opponents of tariff reform; and the fact that these incongruous groups have been held together is a striking evidence of the tact and skill of the retiring Prime Minister.

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*The Retiring Premier*

Among Prime Ministers Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will not hold a first place. He is not in any sense a great man; he has not great genius as a political leader or a political manager; but he is a man of sterling integrity, of many kinds of talent, of a very delightful temperament and a warm heart. Entering the House of Commons in 1868, at the age of thirty-two, he took his place at once with the progressive element in the Liberal party, and as time has gone on, instead of becoming more conservative, he has become more radical. He has held a number of important positions in different Governments, and for two years he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, at a time when that position was the most unenviable in the gift of the British Crown. Insolence, vituperation, and opposition of all kinds he met with unfailing good humor. He lacked Mr. Balfour's gift of cool satire, but he had as much wit as the Irish themselves, and Mr. Healy complained that Ireland was governed by Scotch jokes. One of his most notable exploits was persuading the Duke of Cambridge to resign as Commander-in-Chief of the army, which was part of a programme of reorganization. In February, 1899, he was chosen leader of the Liberal party, and held to his post during the extremely bitter and disagreeable dissensions into which the Boer War threw the Liberals. The new leader quickly justified his position in the House of Commons. His skill, good humor, and courtesy were unfailing.

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He disarmed criticism, and he won universal confidence. As a speaker he is not brilliant, but he has ease, wit, good sense, and entire command of his resources. It was a pleasure to watch him on the Government bench when the House of Commons was in session, for it was quite evident that the attitude of the members of his Government toward him was one of warm affection. Unlike Mr. Balfour, he delighted in recognizing young men, and in giving them a chance to show what was in them. In the debate last July on the motion to censure the Government for its treatment of Colonial Premiers an unusual number of young men spoke on the Liberal side, and showed capital debating power. The Prime Minister watched them with the interest of a father, smiling upon them and giving them what was evidently a word of appreciation when they sat down. He fully met the etiquette of his great position, for he had a very nice sense of form; and he will be remembered, not as a great Prime Minister, but as a statesman of wit, wisdom, and sound sense, in whom all parties had confidence, and who carried through the dangers of political life an unblemished reputation and a spirit of invariable kindness and courtesy.

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*Mrs. Humphry Ward*

Few English writers who have visited this country of late years have been more widely known than Mrs. Humphry Ward. Since the publication of "Robert Elsmere" her novels have been read by a very large number of people, and she was long ago accepted as one of the small group of contemporary English writers of the highest rank. Americans are familiar not only with her work, but with her background; for her family has given the English-speaking world two teachers whose influence in this country has been very great. Her grandfather, Dr. Thomas Arnold, made Rugby more familiar to American boys than any school of its class in this country; while the books of Matthew Arnold, her uncle, have deeply influenced a large number of the most highly educated Americans, and have done not a little to clarify thought and to define the highest standards of intellectual life and of literary work. Mrs. Ward's books have revealed the deep moral seriousness which is characteristic of her family, its generous culture, its exacting standards, and also that quality of distinction which Matthew Arnold perhaps more than any other writer of his time interpreted with the utmost clearness to American readers. Mrs. Ward's first public lecture in this city, delivered under the auspices of the League for Political Education, was a happy exposition of "The Peasant in Literature and the Novel," beginning with the fisherman of Theocritus and the peasant farmer of Virgil, and tracing the introduction of the peasant into literature from the time when he was a serf in the twelfth century as seen in the pages of "Aucassin and Nicolette," and two hundred years later when he was still a serf as shown in the pages of Chaucer, to the first complete picture of his life in "Piers Plowman," in which the farmer, the carpenter, and the joiner are graphically portrayed. There were, Mrs. Ward said, four million workingmen in England in the sixteenth century, and yet Shakespeare makes no special use of the peasant. Milton's countryman is purely Virgilian; Molière brings him in only because he "bears on his back the weight of Versailles." We first come to the peasant in the novel, as the moderns see him, in the time of Wordsworth and George Eliot. Mrs. Ward specially commended the picture of Yorkshire in Emily Bronté's "Wuthering Heights." By this time the peasant novel was written in all parts of Europe; Balzac and George Sand brought the peasant into the forefront. In Italy there is the novel of the Calabrian and Tuscan peasant and the picture of country life drawn by d'Annunzio, "that perverse and corrupt genius." In Germany Sudermann and Hauptmann, in Norway Björnson, in Russia Tourguéneff and Tolstoy, are familiar to the modern reading public. Mrs. Ward is of opinion that the most successful portrayers of country life in American literature are Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mr. Wister, "Charles Egbert Craddock," and Mr. Cable. She characterized Loti's "Iceland Fisherman" as a "golden and per-

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fect book." In Mrs. Ward's judgment, peasant life has a stronger spell than ever before; "the more fiercely runs the town life, the more shall we feel the drawing of that other life."

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*A Mediæval Revival*

The Abbé Loisy, one of the leading members of the group of able and conscientious Catholics against whom the recent encyclical on "Modernism" was directed, a man of exceptional scholarship and disinterested intelligence, of whose lecture-room in the Sorbonne a visitor said, "We lived there, during an hour all too short, in an intellectual atmosphere whose purity invigorated us," has been excommunicated, on the ground, as the decree states, that he has taught and published theories which destroy the foundations of the Christian faith. The decree recites that it had been hoped and expected that he would conform to the recent declarations of the Pope, but that he has not only not retracted his errors, but has reasserted them; and the sentence of major excommunication is pronounced against him by the command of Pius X. In his case the most mediæval features of the decree of excommunication, which once was clothed with such terrors, are revived. He is not only laid under the customary penalties of those who are publicly excommunicated, but all Catholics are directed to shun him. In other words, the good Pope, one of the best of men in his purposes but one of the blindest of blind guides in his policy, has solemnly boycotted this vigorous and able thinker and devout Catholic at heart, who ought to be one of the pillars of the Church and one of its leaders in the modern world. "Catholic priest I am," he wrote, "and Catholic priest I shall remain: there are not in my mind two separate air-tight compartments, one for science and reason, the other for faith and religion." By this boycott the attempt is made to draw a circle of desolation about him. No faithful Catholic is to hold any communication with him, to furnish him with food, drink, warmth, shelter, or any other necessity, or to render him any service; and any Catholic who should disobey (as we have no doubt a great many Catholics will disobey) this unchristian injunction will also be liable to excommunication. This revival of a weapon which belongs to the ages of ecclesiastical tyranny shows how far the ecclesiastical party who surround the Pope, and are apparently guiding him, are willing to go in taking themselves entirely out of the modern world. Protestants who recognize the immense moral force of the Roman Catholic Church, its great services to religion, its hold on the essentials of faith, and its power of nourishing a beautiful type of piety, will perhaps not regret the extremity to which Ultramontanism is now going; because, sooner or later, it must set in motion a great reaction, and the triumph of the religious over the political elements in the Church will be hastened.

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*Dr. Edward Abbott*

The Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., for twenty-seven years rector, and since 1906 rector emeritus, of St. James's Episcopal Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, died in Boston week before last. He was the youngest of the four sons of Jacob Abbott, and the only surviving brother of Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook. His father was a clergyman, teacher, and writer of National reputation, and is best known to-day, perhaps, as the author of the Rollo Books. Edward Abbott inherited from his father a predilection for both the pulpit and the pen. After a few years in the Congregational ministry and as one of the editors of The Congregationalist newspaper, he left the Congregational for the Episcopal ministry, attracted by its historical tradition and the beauty of its service. His life thereafter was spent as the rector of one parish, St. James's in Cambridge, which under his ministry grew from very small proportions to be one of the leading churches in the environs of Boston. In building the present handsome stone edifice he devised a method by which he borrowed money largely from members of the congregation, on interest-bearing bonds maturing in successive years, and secured by the personal indorsement of himself

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and one or two associates. In this way no permanent mortgage was placed upon the church, and its members paid off the debt themselves by accumulating a sinking fund for the purpose out of the regular annual income of the parish. This ingenious financiering proved entirely successful. Called to the Bishopric of Japan, a service which had great attractions for Dr. Abbott, he declined because he felt that he could not in honor leave the church until the bonded debt, for which he had stood as the personal guarantor, was paid. He also devised an ingenious method of raising the funds for building the parish house of his church, a method which aroused much interest at the time and was successfully adopted by other parishes. This parish house, which he called "the workshop" of the church, was among the very first of its kind in the country, although the idea has now come into very general application in the Episcopal Church as well as in other denominations. He was very fond of children. One service in his church, which was, so far as we know, unique, was a children's service held Sunday afternoon, in which the order of Evening Prayer was strictly followed, but with hymns, chants, lessons, and prayers all simplified and abbreviated, so that the entire service lasted only about fifteen or twenty minutes. He was an advocate of short and simple services. He has been heard to say that he would like to have the Episcopal Church, following the good example in this respect of the Roman Catholic Church, hold six services of half an hour each, at such hours as would suit the varying convenience of the various members of the congregation, rather than two services of an hour and a half each.

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*Some Characteristics*

Dr. Abbott was a strict constructionist of the rules of the Church and scrupulous in his observance of them. But the amendment to these rules recently adopted, by which non-episcopally ordained persons can be permitted under certain guards to preach in an Episcopal church, was devised and urged on the Church by him. For a number of years he was editor of the Literary World, a strictly critical periodical, in which impartiality, accuracy, and high ethical standards were maintained. His historic interest was always strong. This interest led him gradually, and at first without any definite design, to accumulate the books, manuscripts, letters, and portraits of members of his family who had achieved any sort of distinction in preaching, teaching, or literature, and to present this collection of Abbott memorabilia to Bowdoin College, where it is now installed in a room of the library devoted to its purpose. That his father and his four uncles, one of the latter, John S. C. Abbott, being a classmate of Hawthorne and Longfellow, were all graduates of Bowdoin, gives the Abbott room in that institution its claim to appropriateness. In later life Dr. Abbott purchased for his country home a farm in Wilton, New Hampshire, where his grandfather and great-grandfather had lived. Here he spent his summers working out of doors at real farm work or within doors in a shop fitted up for his purpose, for he was a natural mechanic and adept with tools. He enjoyed shingling his barn as some men enjoy playing a game of golf. One of the features of this farm life was a picnic Sunday service, held once in each summer under the trees in front of the porch. Neighbors and farmers drove in on this occasion, often from long distances, and, after a brief extemporaneous service and a short religious address, simple refreshments were served to the guests in a gathering of general fellowship and social intercourse. Theologically Dr. Abbott was evangelical and conservative; ecclesiastically he was a devoted but moderate churchman; as a preacher he was quiet, simple, unoratorical, largely expository. He was a pastor rather than a preacher, and it was as a pastor that he won the personal devotion of a large and growing congregation. He had an ability for executive work and the direction of men and affairs which would have given him a place of influence and prominence in the world of industry and finance had he chosen that field of action. In personal intercourse he was marked somewhat by the New England reserve, but also by

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an old-fashioned honor and courtesy and regard for the feelings of others that made him not only greatly respected but beloved in the communities with which his life was most closely associated.

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*An Extension of the Carnegie Foundation*

When the plan of the Carnegie Foundation, offering retiring allowances to professors in American universities, was put into operation, it was thought best not to include State universities. The reason for this, as explained in Mr. Carnegie's letter to the Trustees of the Fund, was the feeling that educational institutions carried on under State governments and wholly or generally supported by the State might prefer that their relations should remain exclusively with the State. Mr. Carnegie's remark upon this view was, "I cannot, therefore, presume to include them." The officers and trustees of many of the State universities, however, believed that good reason existed why these institutions should be admitted to the benefactions of the Carnegie Foundation. At the last annual meeting of the Trustees of the National Association of State Universities this claim was formulated, and resolutions were passed addressed to the Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation urging future participation by the State universities in the retiring allowance fund. The reasons given were, in brief, that the States do not, in point of fact, provide a retiring fund for professors, and that to ask for such a fund might raise the question of pensions for all State officers; that the State universities are unsectarian; that their professors perform essentially the same service as those in privately endowed universities; that a retiring fund for them would be of equal advantage for education at large; and that the absence of retiring allowances for State university professors places upon one section of American higher education a serious disadvantage. The Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation at first replied that, apart from the merits of the question, the funds in their hands were not sufficient for the purpose. But a letter from Mr. Carnegie has now been published, in which he expresses the great pleasure it will give him to increase the Fund to the extent necessary to provide for participation by any State university whose governing Board shall make application, and adding that he would, as required, increase the present Fund, which is ten millions of dollars in amount, by the sum of five millions of dollars, making the entire Fund fifteen millions of dollars, and enlarging it to such an extent as would furnish retiring allowances if all the State universities should apply. It can hardly be doubted that all of these institutions will be very glad to take advantage of this liberality, and we are sure that the country at large will join heartily in Mr. Carnegie's expressed hope and belief that the Fund is and will be productive of lasting good, not only to the recipients, but to the cause of higher education.

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*A National Gallery of Art*

The announcement by the Smithsonian Institution of the organization of the Advisory Committee of the National Gallery of Art calls renewed attention to that project. The paragraph in the latest of President Roosevelt's annual Messages to Congress expresses views concerning the fine arts which he has made known to Congress in a previous Message and has frequently uttered in other ways. The President believes in the development of all things that tend to create a higher civilization. In this, of course, the fine arts play a prominent part. The President is also a strong believer in the beautification of our National Capital. In this, also, a home for the fine arts should be prominent. The Smithsonian Institution is at present the National institution whose duty it is to develop such an art gallery. It fully recognizes the gravity of such a duty; indeed, one of the fundamental objects prescribed by the Act of Congress founding the Institution was the establishment of a gallery of art, a part of the Smithsonian building being specially designed for this purpose. Over half a century ago the Institution purchased a valuable collection of engravings and etchings belonging to George

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P. Marsh, who had been our Minister to Italy; later important paintings and sculptures were obtained, and the gallery was established. In 1865 a part of this gallery was destroyed by fire, after which the prints and engravings were deposited in the Library of Congress. Nine years later the other art collections were deposited in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, first opened in that year. Two years ago Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, conveyed to the Institution his fine collection of paintings by American artists, including many examples of Whistler's work, besides a notable series of Oriental paintings. Mr. William T. Evans, of Montclair, New Jersey, has presented a collection representing a larger number of American artists, and the pictures bequeathed by Harriet Lane Johnston afford some survey of the achievements of the great English portrait painters. Thus the National Gallery of Art is to be National only in the sense of containing all the paintings and sculpture belonging to the Nation. Aiding the direction of the Gallery, there should be an Advisory Committee of a National character. Accordingly, the Institution, reserving to itself the appointment of two members on a committee of five, asked the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, and the Fine Arts Federation each to nominate a representative. These organizations have now appropriately selected, respectively, Messrs. Edwin H. Blashfield, Herbert Adams, and Frederick Crowninshield, the Institution nominating Messrs. F. D. Millet and W. H. Holmes. A suitable hall should be prepared for the special purpose of National exhibits, and for this object the modest appropriation of $60,000 has been asked of Congress. It should be granted.

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*The Rabbit and the Bandicoot*

Hitherto, perhaps the best illustration of protectionism gone to seed has been that which Professor Sumner, of Yale, used, if we mistake not, to tell his classes: In the days when Tokyo was beginning to acquire Western civilization, it was proposed to introduce American steam fire-engines. The Japanese houses, as every one knows, are largely constructed of light and inflammable varnished wood, and it was the commonest thing in the world for a large section of the city to be burned down over night. But when the law aiming to prevent this through the agency of steam fire-engines was about to pass, it was "held up," as we say nowadays, and temporarily defeated, because the Guild of Carpenters said that it would injure their house-building business! But now comes from Australia an incident which is equally amusing. In 1862 an unfortunate gentleman named Austin introduced a couple of English rabbits into Australia. Their descendants are now numbered by billions—so at least says M. Deschanel, in an article in La Nature, of Paris, which we find partly translated in the Literary Digest. The French naturalist alleges that while the rabbit has decreased in size in Australia it has increased in appetite, has learned to swim rivers and even to climb trees. Five rabbits, he says, eat as much grass as a sheep, and the latter animal only too often perishes of starvation. It is estimated that in ten years Australia has lost a thousand million dollars from the depredations of rabbits. For the last thirty years the Government has spent large sums of money in rewards for the destruction of rabbits, and a new industry arose—that of "rabbiters," who made a living in this way. Nevertheless, the rabbits were far from being exterminated; and a prize of $125,000 was offered to any one in all the world who should devise an effective method of extermination. The great scientist Pasteur believed that they could be killed by introducing chicken cholera among them, but it was feared that this would destroy also domestic fowls. Lately new experiments have been made in this direction, and it was hoped that the problem would at last be solved. But (says M. Deschanel) the experimenter, Dr. Danisz, is opposed by the Labor party, "which regards his work as detrimental to that of the 'rabbiters,' several thousand in number, who live on the stations." In other words, the professional rabbit exterminators must be protected in their business, and are opposing a law to

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bring about actual rabbit extermination, which would take away their occupation. This is class legislation with a vengeance! But it might be claimed, on the other side of this economic problem, that the policy of scientific, wholesale extermination could be supported consistently by the protectionists in the interest of the bandicoot, who is a native rabbit, absolutely inoffensive, and in great danger of having his living taken away from him by the foreign labor of the imported European rabbit.

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*Japan and the Seattle Exposition*

Unfortunately, it is chiefly from the coolie class that Americans, especially on the Pacific coast, have formed their impression of the people of the Land of the Rising Sun. Happily, there is still time to correct that impression and possibly to restore the former warm friendly feeling between the two countries which are now neighbors in the Far East. Japan's cordial invitation to have the American fleet visit that country, and its prompt and cordial acceptance by the American Government, have already turned the current. Still another opportunity is afforded in the coming Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held at Seattle next year. The people of the Pacific coast, especially the northern part of it, are deeply interested in the Exposition and keenly awake to anything which may add to its interest and success. In view of the recent demonstrations against the Japanese in California and in British Columbia, and the movement for the exclusion of Japanese immigrants, probably the promoters of the Exposition had no idea that Japan as a Pacific country could be induced to participate in it. Such participation, it is evident, would greatly enhance the interest and add greatly to the success of the enterprise, and hence the people of the Coast have been pleasantly surprised to find the influential Yokohama Advertiser speaking highly of the Exposition, and advocating Japan's taking part in it. The Advertiser adds: "Seattle occupies a fine point of vantage for such a purpose. Its position is strategic as regards the vast commerce of the Pacific. Bordering this great ocean are half the people of the world. The immense value of the Pacific to the United States is just beginning to be realized. The Seattle Exposition is calculated to bring Asia, Australia, and the foreign possessions of the United States nearer, and make them better known." This is an admirable spirit, and it also makes an adroit appeal to commercial interests for a better understanding among all the countries and peoples concerned in a future of trade and progress only as yet dimly suggested and apprehended. The Advertiser's words will also serve as a courteous reminder to the Americans of the Pacific coast, to Australia, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands, that that magnificent future rests upon friendly relations and commercial intercourse, and not upon race prejudice and the hatred and hostility it engenders. It happens, also, that a similar reminder was given in an interview in the New York Times the other day with Sir Edgar Vincent, formerly financial adviser to the Khedive of Egypt, who visited New York after a trip through this country and Canada. Sir Edgar says he found the entire West "imbued with a spirit which fairly dazzles a traveler from the Old World." Seattle also impressed him as a remarkable city, whose grading and railroading are on a stupendous scale, but he adds: "Out there they are prone to believe that the Western coast will develop as has the Eastern coast. That depends on the Far East. If the Chinese and Japanese should take it into their heads to raise their own grain in Manchuria, that would be a serious setback for American commerce." The fact is that the Pacific coast, as regards its future rapid development and prosperity, is now at the parting of the ways. Should it take the narrow road of exclusion and race prejudice, antipathies will be engendered which may delay that development not only for decades but for a century or more. Should Japan decide to send an exhibit to the Fair, it will furnish a fine illustration of Japanese courtesy, and such a courteous expression of good will and interest and desire for amicable relations and intercourse would greatly

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help our fellow-citizens of the Western coast to understand their neighbors across the broad Pacific better.

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# Easter

## *From Life to Life*

Every man has three lives: the first is preparation for the second; the second is preparation for the third.

The first life is spent in darkness, silence, solitude. The developing child has eyes but cannot see, ears but cannot hear, hands but cannot grasp, feet but cannot walk. He is an object of the tenderest love of his mother, but he is all unconscious of that love and cannot respond to it.

Out of this world of darkness and silence and solitude he is born into a world of sound and sunlight and companionship. Into this new world he comes through the door of pain—his mother's travail pain, with difficulty endured; his own pain, for he greets life with a cry.

In this new life there are three stages—youth, manhood, old age. In the first stage the developing organs of sight, hearing, touch, are instruments for the culture of the spirit within. He learns to see by seeing, to hear by hearing, to grasp by grasping, to walk by walking. At first he sees all things alike. Gradually he learns to discriminate color and form, and by discriminating there is developed in him an appreciation of beauty—that is, his æsthetic faculty. He learns to distinguish symbolic forms, to attach to them their traditional meaning, and so to read, and by reading to enter into the spiritual experiences of the great souls of the past. He learns to hear with discrimination, and the ear becomes an avenue through which appreciation of music is developed and through which also, learning the symbolic meaning of sounds, he comes into fellowship with living spirits growing like himself into manhood and womanhood. Through this companionship with spirits like his own, interpreted to him through the symbolism of color and form and sound, he gradually acquires a realization of ethical distinctions, and there are gradually developed in him experiences of justice, pity, mercy, love. He acquires faith, that is, the power to look upon the invisible, to see in the frowning brow the anger of the spirit, in tears its sorrow, in its smile friendship, in the glance of the eye or the pressure of the hand a tenderer, deeper love.

In the second stage this development of the inner life of the spirit continues, but increasingly these physical organs become the instruments by which he impresses his spiritual life on others. The man becomes a father, and transmits to his children through sight and sound the life that had been transmitted to him. He becomes an orator, or a painter, or a musician, or an author, or a mechanician, and by eye and ear and hand he communicates in material form the immaterial life which has been communicated to him. For the bridge of the engineer, the speech of the orator, the story of the author, the painting of the artist, the symphony or the song of the musician, are symbols which convey life from one invisible spirit to other invisible spirits through material instruments.

In the third stage this inward life has grown too great for material expression. The material instruments are too gross to utter the secrets of the spirit. The life of the spirit has been growing larger, richer, more subtle. But not so the instruments; they have reached their perfection; happy for their possessor if they have not begun to decay. The orator receives with humiliation the plaudits of the audience, for he knows that he has not given them the vision of truth which has been given to him. The musician can find no instrument and no combination of instruments adequate to interpret the harmonies his spirit has heard in the silence. The artist's brush fails to reproduce the beauty he has felt. As to the worker in material things that are not symbols, no sooner is the house or bridge or engine built than time ruthlessly begins to destroy it with rust and friction and decay. So, gradually, the spirit outgrows the body; the eye and ear and hand, which were first instruments for the culture of the spirit, then

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instruments to interpret the life of the spirit, become its handicap. Sometimes premature decay or sudden accident impairs or destroys these instruments of life. If not, they become with age inadequate for the growing life of the spirit. Then comes the second birth, which we call death.

Birth into what life? How can we tell? Could you forecast the fruit from the blossom, if you had never seen a fruit? Could you forecast the bird from the egg, if you had never seen a bird? Could the child, in his first life of darkness, silence, and solitude, forecast the life of sunlight, harmonies, and companionship? As little can we forecast in this time-experience, handicapped by the no longer useful instruments of our growing spiritual life, what is the eternal life of that spirit when released from its captivity. But this we can believe: as the imperfectly developed eye and ear in the life of darkness and silence and solitude were auguries of the coming life of sunlight and sound and companionship, so the imperfectly developed faculties of the spirit—the obscure and fleeting vision of the eternal, the aspirations after an ever escaping and unrealized ideal of perfection, the love which is sometimes an exquisite pain and sometimes an exquisite joy—are auguries of a life yet to come; a life which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. And of this we can be sure, that as birth is not the beginning of life, so death is not its ending. Each is only a transition.

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# *Education in Ugliness*

It is but a truism to say that man is profoundly even though unconsciously influenced by his environment. Yet the truism needs to be said again and again, for though it is believed in the abstract, it is continually forgotten, neglected, or despised in the concrete. To us of the Western world abstract beauty has seemingly appealed only as a secondary matter; yet we have evolved some art and some architecture worthy of respect. And we desire for our children a higher conception, a wider view, a greater appreciation. We are beginning to prefer impressive dignity in the building of the schools in which they must pass many years. We are glad to have good engravings and fine reproductions hung upon the walls of the school-room; we know that the influences of these things upon the formative minds are wholesome and uplifting.

So, too, we find that the maturer minds of men and women are immediately responsive to the influences of surrounding beauty and orderliness. The art exhibitions begun six years ago in a hard-won school building in Richmond, Indiana, now attract annually a vast attendance, and each year that community buys for itself one or more good paintings, aided, wonderful to relate, by an appropriation from the city treasury!

A manufacturer of railway frogs and switches in a Pennsylvania city substituted for the sordid ugliness surrounding the conventional iron-working shop a pleasant lawn, with beds of flowers. He declares that it was a purely economic work; for his men have since accomplished more, kept their tools in better order, and have adorned their homes in the same way. A silk manufacturer substituted grass and flowers for the ashes of his factory front, with a distinct effect upon his girl operatives. A builder of engines has found it advantageous, after making a park-like front to his dignified building, to have the rough castings and stacks of pig iron put in orderly shape; for his workmen at once responded with better work and better order. A great railway declares, through its executive officer in charge of the work, that beautiful station surroundings, with shrubbery and grass instead of rubbish and disorder, not only create better conditions among the workers, but actually and definitely stimulate passenger business to such stations. These instances indicate the direct economic effect of suggestion and environment.

But there can be an education in ugliness as well as in beauty. As education in beauty develops a love of æsthetic and moral order, so education in ugliness tends toward moral decadence. And where there is an incongruous commingling of beauty and ugliness, the

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tendency is toward the defeat of the less obtrusive beauty. A current and lamentable instance of this incongruous mixture is seen in the stations of the new North River tunnels. The proportioning and arrangement of the Hoboken tunnel station, for instance, are attractive and beautiful. The succession of groined arches, the soft grays of the concrete work, the white tiles of the lining, are harmonious and agreeable. But when the eye strikes the sequence of forty or fifty advertising signs about the station platforms and lobbies, there is a disagreeable shock. That tile borders made at the deservedly famous Rookwood Potteries surround these signs does not lessen the wrong of their presence where attention to them is, in a manner, forced upon passengers.

How can a National art conception be created and fostered by great architecture, by such memorials as Saint-Gaudens loved to produce, by noble civic centers, if the way to see them is lined with billboards, and the sky-line all about is punctuated with signs? How can we, as a Nation, expect to have the growing generation care to save the Palisades, the Falls of Niagara, the White Mountains, if the highways of travel shut out natural beauty and the repose of the landscape, and give only such a view of commercial appeal as now fences in the railways between New York and Philadelphia?

There is evidence that America is beginning to rebel against this sort of wrong education. The incongruity of the signs on the Fifth Avenue automobile buses was too much for New York, though their prototypes still possess Broad Street in Philadelphia. The effort of the authorities of the metropolis to have the sky signs kept within the bounds of the law is, undoubtedly, sustained by public opinion. There was a great outcry at the advertising in the Subway several years ago; and it is both unfortunate and lamentable that the Rapid Transit Commission, acting for the city, neglected to protect it against the signs in arranging franchises for the McAdoo tunnels. Many millions of people will use these tunnel stations annually. To them the signs are likely to be less influential in promoting purchases than in dulling a sense of fitness and beauty that needs rather to be cultivated. The ugly and tawdry elevated railway stations are sign-plastered from the first step upward to the very tracks. The city-owned subway stations responded somewhat to the improvement in ideals, though they forced upon a public which did not at all relish the intrusion a series of advertising panels. With another advance recorded in the far more dignified and distinctly impressive tunnel stations under private ownership, though with acknowledged municipal control in part, it would seem as if the public might have been spared further advertising assaults.

The suggestion has been made by the president of the American Civic Association that the advertising spaces in the tunnel stations be purchased in perpetuity, or at least for a term of years, by the city which has neglectfully disregarded its opportunity to prevent this extension of facilities for the wrong education of the people. The Pennsylvania capitol has in its floor the unique Mercer historical tiles, preserving a record of the times and the State. If the Keystone State can thus place its memorials in the floor where all may see them, it is asked why Greater New York cannot work into the walls of these tunnel stations even more imperishable records of its life and its times? Rookwood borders are provided; why not have placed in these spaces a series of Rookwood tiles, akin to those shown in the Fulton Street subway station, thus suggesting history instead of corsets and drugs, and the genius of New York rather than beer and breakfast foods? Whether or not this suggestion is feasible, it may certainly be pointed out that other tunnels are approaching completion and other stations will be built and furnished. If travelers under the North River must endure the signs, cannot a better way be found for the stations feeding the East River tubes? The wrong education should not continue; the better day of harmony and public orderliness, free from the special privilege which assaults the eye with commercial appeal when it needs rest and repose, must soon dawn.

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# A Few Plain Words

In July, 1906, a young girl, who had been betrayed by a man who pretended to love her, was brutally murdered by him on a lake in the Adirondacks. She had trusted him with her body and her soul; had written letters to him in the agony of her loneliness and approaching motherhood so full of unselfish devotion that no man who was human could have read them without flying to her and shielding her with his name and devotion. This poor girl was taken to a lonely place in the woods, beaten to death with an oar, and thrown into the lake. During the trial the seducer and murderer bore himself with a stolid indifference which was inexplicable to those who heard the testimony and listened to the reading of the heartbreaking letters of the victim. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and two weeks ago the murderer was put to death. An appeal was made to Governor Hughes a few days before the execution on the ground that new evidence had come to light. If the newspaper reports are to be trusted, an important part of this "evidence" was the charge that the poor victim had been improperly intimate with other men; and it is a satisfaction to be told that the man who laid this "evidence" before the Governor was subjected to an examination which he will not forget to the last hour of his life. It will be seen, therefore, that no element of infamy was lacking from this brutal crime, which will take its place in the catalogue of the blackest offenses against God and man.

But one of the most repulsive features of this revolting offense was the publication, the morning after the execution, of a statement which The Outlook reprints as a document of sinister moral degradation:

> In the shadow of the valley of death, it is my desire to do everything that would remove any doubt as to my having found Jesus Christ, the personal Saviour and unfailing friend. My one regret at this time is that I have not given Him the pre-eminence in my life while I had the opportunity to work for Him. If I could only say some one thing that would draw young men to Him, I would deem it the greatest privilege ever granted me. But all I can say now is, I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.
>
> If the young men of this country could only know the joy and pleasure of a Christian life, I know they would do all in their power to become earnest, active Christians, and would strive to live as Christ would have them live.
>
> There is not one thing I have left undone which will bar me from facing my God, knowing that my sins are forgiven, for I have been free and frank in my talks with my spiritual adviser, and God knows where I stand.
>
> My task is done, the victory won.

There is but one word which adequately describes this sickening mockery of repentance; it is the word rotten. At the very last gasp of breath a man may repent and his sins may be forgiven; there is no limit to the infinite mercy, and the door of heaven is never closed. But repentance involves confession and silence; confession of sin, silence concerning one's self. The writer of this statement had committed two terrible crimes. If he had repented, he would have held his deed and himself in abhorrence. He would have covered himself with shame as with a garment. His words would have been for God, not for men; and through them would have run a deep and terrible sense of sin, a humble prayer for forgiveness. A repentant man in such an hour would have shut himself away from his fellows and lain prostrate before the terrible righteousness of the Infinite Love.

On the hill of Calvary, in the last hour, a man who had been a criminal repented, and this is the record:

> And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.
>
> But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?
>
> And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.
>
> And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

The chief thing which men are demanding to-day of religious people is reality; perfect integrity in word and deed. The corrupting sentimentalism of which the letter printed above is an example is saturated with hypocrisy and sham; it is a cheap and repelling imitation of a great

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experience; it makes a mockery of the most terrible realities of life. Religious men ought to set their faces like a flint against such profanation; it is part of that revolting sentimentalism which fills the cells of condemned criminals with flowers, and makes dying confessions stuff for the headlines of yellow journalism. The vilest offender may repent and be forgiven at the last hour, but when he does he bows himself in the dust and ashes of remorse, and hides himself from the gaze of the world.

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# The Spectator

We are apt to think that the Old World has a monopoly of the quaint and unusual in religious celebrations, so much has been written in description of the festivals and feast days of foreign peoples. This impression heightens the effect when we find at home an observance marked by striking features and indicating a deep-felt devotion to an ideal. Such a ceremony the Spectator found out in central Kansas at a Swedish settlement that has preserved with rare fidelity its fatherland loyalty. This community, in which are about three thousand persons of Swedish blood, has for twenty years been observing Holy Week by singing the oratorio, the "Messiah," with all the skill at its command. A large brick college stands on the edge of the little village, erected evidently with a view to accommodating numbers rather than to architectural beauty. Trees are growing around it, but are not yet imposing. To one side is a huge wooden "auditorium," octagon-shaped and seating five thousand. It contains a pipe organ, and is plain with the plainness of unpainted lumber. The town is a quiet country settlement with no saloon or billiard hall; the signs nearly all bear names ending in "son." The rich valley for miles in every direction is a picture of agricultural plenty, with well-tilled farms and substantial improvements. In this setting is the festival.

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In the settlement's infancy an enthusiastic young preacher started the college. To build its first home he took a contract with a music house to sell organs to the settlers. Nearly every cabin, every little dwelling, was equipped with one before he ended—and the commissions went to the building fund. "It is good for the people to sing," was his motto. "It makes them better fathers, mothers, children. I want every family to sing around the altar every evening." Then he asked for an Easter celebration and for all in the colony who could do so to join in singing the "Messiah." There were weeks of practice, and in the college chapel the rendition was given. Many from surrounding villages came to hear it; the next year the visitors were hundreds. So there were two renditions to accommodate them all, and finally the auditorium was built—and even that was too small. So now the festival has become a chief event of the State, and special trains come puffing into the little prairie station, loaded with eager visitors. These journey not alone from the vicinity, but many ride over one hundred miles to hear the singing. Several times is the oratorio given, the final recital being on Easter Sunday, when thousands of people from town and country overflow the hall and are thrilled with the occasion.

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For this is not a crude, cheap production. The Spectator had somehow expected to find a village choir effect, and was more than surprised to see the talent enlisted in the programme. The Swedes have rare voices, and when the best singers in three thousand, trained through the year for one great occasion, and assisted by soloists from the college's music department, come to the platform, it means real harmony. Such is the preparation for this event; and it was a delight to find out here, on the prairie, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, talent that would have graced the Academy of Music itself. For months three hundred young people had been practicing. They had added to last year's chorus the younger brothers and sisters, and it has become the honor place of the community to be allowed on the list of "Messiah" singers. Once

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there they do their best to retain their places.

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On the evening of the Spectator's visit the auditorium was filled to the last gallery seat. The platform held row on row of comely young women dressed plainly in white, and other tiers of sturdy young men—over four hundred of them all. It was very simple. The president of the college made a short announcement concerning the special trains. He welcomed the guests. Then the slender conductor stepped to the front of the platform. The great organ was flanked by a fifty-piece orchestra, and some of the West's best musicians were in the company. From the opening chorus on to

"Enter thou into His gates with thanksgiving,
Into His courts with praise,"

through the sweet recitatives, the clear solos, the mighty "hallelujahs," and on with rising effect, there was inspiration and joy in every moment. The great audience was thrilled by every note. It was a revelation in the art of the chorus when it is properly drilled. When the full four hundred voices sang in unison, it made the hall ring with music. It was an interpretation from the heart, and it was then easy to understand why for weeks the visit had been planned by thousands of music-lovers.

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Particularly was it interesting to note the effect upon the hearers. Many of them were farmers and their families. Comparatively few were trained in musical criticism, but they knew sweet voices and loved music. They leaned forward in their seats and drank in the melody with silent joy. They lost not a note. It was in effect the sort of helpful and uplifting amusement for the masses that philanthropists have sought but seldom found.

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Perhaps the theme assisted in making the impression deep. Perhaps the orotund volume of sound made the thrilling force. Yet that was not all. These people were hearing good music well sung, and it filled their hearts. It brought into their lives an experience that lifted them away from the wheat and corn and cattle, that obscured the dollars and glorified the richness of the higher life. This, it seemed to the Spectator, was the best part of that evening's lesson. It is a little thing that the college has from the half-dozen renditions each year almost wiped out the institution's debt. It could afford to repeat the concerts each Easter simply because of the subjective effect upon those taking part—the best young people of the community; and for the influence the music exerts upon all who come. It is worth while to have dignified a mighty theme; it is equally praiseworthy to have made a dignified theme acceptable to thousands who had never given it serious thought. This has been done with the "Messiah" out in this prairie community, and the people carry it home with them. "Through all the year they talk of it," said one close to their lives. "Their young people are practicing for the next rendition; the memory of the preceding one remains with them. They are proud of the success that has been attained; they revel in their familiarity with a great work of musical art. It has lifted the tone of the community's doings, as it has doubtless brought better things into the lives of the auditors."

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Out from the hall in the early evening or late in the night stream the people. The last chorus has died away, the last organ note has been stilled. There is a hushed, reverent air upon the assembly. It is as if there had been a sacrament of song to which all had been bidden.

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The founder of the college and of the "Messiah" concerts, the Rev. Carl Swensson, lies in the little prairie cemetery. In his memory stands a marble statue that represents him as his people love to remember him—sturdy, helpful, strong. Many make pilgrimages to the grave, as to a shrine, and talk in hushed tones of the work of the fallen leader. If one has heard the "Messiah" as it is given in the tabernacle amidst the maples and cottonwoods, it is evident where is Mr. Swensson's real monument. He served his people well, and he gave them a great boon when he taught them to love music and to delight in song.

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# THE FACES OF OUR DEAD

## (EASTER)

BY PASCAL HARROWER

The faces of our dead ones lie below
The Face of God;
Withdrawn from this world's weariness,
Beyond its pain, beyond its bitter stress,
They are at peace.

The noises of this Earth-life may not break
That wondrous peace;
It lies deep-folded in the eternal place,
Beyond the power of wrong, above the trace
Of doubt and fear.

They see the Face of God, and know at last
The thing they sought
But could not find, in this gray light of time.
They tread with holy feet that far-off clime,
They live with God.

And we who follow them are not forgot,
They know our life;
The memory of years once lived upon these lands
Where we still toil with weary feet and hands,
Is sacred still.

It cannot ever be to them a dream all vague;
They are with Christ:
And Christ may not forget the Earth He saved,
The floods of that strange mortal life that laved
His blessed Feet.

They are with Christ, and still o'er us they bend
And watch with Him.
O, not with fear they look, nor anguished face;
There is no fear in Heaven, in that high place
Of peace and rest.

They hear our prayers, they watch our daily course
With sweet, high look.
They gaze on us, and on that Wondrous Face
Whose eyes are Truth, Whose fashioned grace
Is like to God.

And we are found in Him, and seen through Him,
And all is well.
We may not faint or fall, we catch their faith,
We know they hear, for aye, the words He saith,
Who leadeth them.

And evermore in solemn silent hours
We feel them near;



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Our dead ones come again with healing hands,
And walk with us along these lower lands,
Gentle, serene,

Till all the trouble of this human life
Is drawn away;
And all our weakness seems to pass and die
In Him, Whose life we live, and they on high,
Whose life is peace.

# PUNISHING CORPORATIONS

## BY GEORGE W. ALGER

WITHIN the past few years numerous fines have been imposed by Federal judges upon railway and other corporations for violations of the Inter-State Commerce Act in granting or receiving rebates forbidden by that law. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has been fined twenty-nine million dollars. Other railway companies have been fined smaller amounts, but sums sufficient to cause an appreciative effect upon dividend funds. As these fines have been imposed, protest has been made in the public press against the policy of the law which the fines express—the policy of punishing the corporation, and thereby in effect punishing a large body of stockholders innocent of any personal share in the offense for which their company has been found guilty.

The critics whom these fines have aroused insist that the fines are unjust and that the law under which they are imposed is illogical and wrong, first, because it punishes the innocent stockholder by making him suffer financially for the criminal conduct of the officers of his company—conduct which it is not to be assumed he has ever authorized; and, secondly, because the officers whose actions result in these killing decrees often go unwhipped by the law against which they have offended. These critics demand a complete change in the law, a change by which the stockholder shall go free and the offending officer alone shall be punished.

The pathetic figure of the poor widow stockholder is, of course, familiar to our lawmaking Solons. However much her rights may be trampled on or disregarded in directors' meetings, they are always rehabilitated and revived for active service when legislative action seems to threaten the interests of the corporation in which, for legislative purposes at least, she has her small savings of a lifetime invested. The complaint against the punishing of corporations comes in part, of course, from the fickle and uncertain friends of the widowed stockholder, but a substantial part of the criticism comes from sources less open to suspicion—from thoughtful and disinterested critics who insist that the criminal law should find its mark in an offending person rather than in an unoffending property, and who say that the law should recognize that corporations are only forms and fictions, capable of neither good nor evil except through the individuals who act through and under them.

They say that by creating personal responsibility of these individuals for criminal acts done by them as corporate officers, and by punishing that wrongdoing, all proper reforms in corporate management can be accomplished, and that the punishment of the fiction, the corporation itself, is undesirable as well as unnecessary and unjust.

The argument from innocence—the argument that by reason of the stockholder's own non-participation in the wrongs committed by corporate officers in his behalf, his property, the corporation, should go free—is not a new one. Moreover, it has not proved in the past a strong argument before the courts.

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It has often been raised. Twenty years ago, in a memorable litigation—the celebrated Buffalo case—this defense was pleaded in New York by the Standard Oil Company. It was sued by the Lubricating Oil Company of Buffalo for having conspired to ruin that company by circulating falsehoods, by representing that its oil was of inferior quality, that it had no right to make or sell it, by threatening its customers with lawsuits and expenses if they continued to buy its oil, by asserting that its lubricating oil was made by infringing patents, and that all who bought that oil would be sued for such infringements. It was further complained that the Standard Oil Company of New York, and other allied corporations belonging to the Oil Trust, had employed a certain individual to make a business of circulating these and other slanders among the Buffalo company's customers in an effort to ruin it.

To all which the Standard Oil Company answered in effect: "Assuming these charges to be true, you still are not entitled to sue us. We are a corporation, and our innocent stockholders are not responsible for slanders circulated against you even if done through the instigation of our officers. It is against the law to circulate slanders, and corporate officers have no power to authorize for the stockholders or the company the performance of such illegal acts. Therefore this company and its stockholders cannot be legally bound by what these officers or their agents illegally have done. You may sue the agent who circulated the slanders, you may sue as an individual any officer of this company whom you can show actually to have employed this slanderer so to misconduct himself, but the corporation must go free. Its innocent stockholders have been guilty of no offense, and have authorized none to be committed in their behalf."

What the practical consequence of this plea would be is, of course, apparent. The argument for personal as opposed to corporate responsibility for wrong-doing could not be more skillfully advanced than it was in this case, but the argument failed. The court declared that while the tool or agent was legally responsible for his work, the corporation which hired him was responsible as well, under the old general rule that "for the acts of a servant within the general scope of his employment while engaged in his master's business, and done with a view to the furtherance of that business and the master's interests, the master will be responsible, whether the act be done negligently, wantonly, or even willfully."

"There is great justice and fairness in this rule," says the court, "otherwise injustice might be done to individuals if their remedy for wrongs authorized by corporations were to be confined to actions against the agents employed by the corporation. Since in these times a vast portion of the business of the country is carried on by corporations guided and stimulated in their action by the advice and under the direction of shareholders who desire to make their investment profitable, this rule should not be narrowed or limited in any degree by the decisions of the court." There has been little tendency among the courts, in the thirty years which have elapsed since this decision was made, to restrict or create exceptions to the rule quoted. On the contrary, the wisdom of extending its principle has been recognized, in civil as well as in criminal proceedings.

For example, years ago one of what the lawyers call "leading cases" on corporate responsibility was a decision which declared that a street railway company was not liable for an assault committed in a fit of anger by a horse-car driver upon a female passenger by throwing her from a moving car. The decision is no longer law, and under contemporary decisions railway companies have been held responsible in damages not only for such assaults, but even for insulting language used by employees to passengers on the company's cars. No one can question the public benefit which must flow from this increase of responsibility. The theory which would hold only the offending person responsible for such acts would find itself practically nullified by the financial irresponsibility of the person whose individual conduct is involved,

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The uselessness of suing an abusive or violent car-driver is of course apparent. Putting the fellow in jail might be some satisfaction to the injured citizen, but this remedy would still be inadequate as an incentive to induce the corporation to prevent a repetition of similar offenses by other employees.

Much more satisfactory results have been and are obtained by creating a legal responsibility which for very practical financial reasons makes the corporate employer solicitous of the equable temper and general character of the men it hires to serve in its public conveyances. It is doubtless true that the stockholders of street railway companies who through their chosen officers have hired a car conductor have presumably not hired him to assault or abuse passengers, any more than the stockholders of steam railway companies are to be presumed directly to have authorized or enjoined their officers to break the law by giving illegal rebates to shippers. . The purpose of the law, however, is to lay down not abstract but enforceable rules of conduct, and the judicial reasoning which involves the corporation in responsibility for the acts of the agent seems as applicable in one case as in the other.

It may be urged that this argument does not afford a complete answer to the objections to punishing corporations. It may be said that, even conceding in sundry instances that it has been found advantageous in civil cases to hold corporations responsible for wrongs done by their agents, after all this is a rule of hard practical necessity, of public policy rather than of justice. There are, for example, those to whom the legal maxim of *respondeat superior*—the rule which makes the employer responsible for wrongs done by his agent—is a rule not of morality but of law. As the president of a New York corporation employing a large number of delivery wagons expressed this thought, "The law says we are responsible for damages done by our drivers in carelessly running over people. Now, we are as careful in selecting our drivers as we can be. I think when we have done that we have fulfilled our entire moral responsibility. If the driver is careless and runs over some one, I think we are only legally and not morally responsible, and if I can get out of that responsibility in any decent fashion and protect my stockholders from being mulcted in damage suits, I think I am justified in trying to do it."

This attitude towards corporate responsibility and more especially towards corporate crime of the kind here considered overlooks its essential character. The type of offense for which corporations are properly punishable as corporations is not personal in its essence at all. Such offenses are committed by individuals, to be sure, but not to secure individual or personal advantages, but solely to secure impersonal and corporate benefits. The thing aimed at by the Inter-State Commerce Law and other similarly framed statutes is essentially corporate wrong-doings—criminal profits or criminal economies. Here is a railway company, for example, giving rebates. These rebates are given by agents or officers who are acting for the supposed benefit of the railway company in increasing its business with large shippers, or in inducing shippers to give traffic which would otherwise be diverted to competing lines. The officer derives no personal advantage from the rebate. If by his conduct the railway receives a benefit, it is a corporate advantage and redounds to the profit of the stockholders. If, however, the illegal conduct is discovered by the officers of the law, who should be punished? The answer given by those who disbelieve in punishing corporations is this: "Punish the traffic manager, put him in prison when his wrong-doing is detected, and through fear of like punishment his associates or his successors will desist from their evil doing."

From the standpoint of the stockholder this is indeed a comforting doctrine. Under it the risks and penalties are all for the offending railway officers. The profits from the misconduct of those officers are all for the corporation itself and its stockholders.

The trouble with this doctrine is that it seems to ignore everything essential to the offense which the law wishes to stamp out. Rebating existed because it

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was, or at least was deemed to be, a profitable thing for the railway. If the practice becomes over-hazardous by reason of law aimed, not at some unessential agent, but at the profit itself, the rebating will stop. The indignation of stockholders at the heavy fines which in recent years have been imposed upon railways guilty of frauds on fair trade has found vent not only in loud outcries against the raiders of their prosperity in the Federal Department of Justice, but against the corporate officers and directors whose conduct has produced these calamities.

The circular-letters to stockholders which the presidents of these railway culprits have seen fit to send out to mitigate the indignation of their stockholders are distinctly healthy signs. These circulars berate the Federal Department of Justice and the Federal courts in good round terms, and assure the stockholders that the convictions and the fines imposed resulted from hair-splitting technicalities or abuse of power. Whether these explanations really succeed in explaining, whether the stockholders are fully convinced that the enforcement of law is properly described as a raid on prosperity, is, so far as the public is concerned, comparatively unimportant. The stockholders are at least agreed on one thing; that is, that they want no more fines and they want their officers so to direct railway business that there shall be no more fines. By these much-discussed legal proceedings, what for lack of a better term may be called the moral influence of the stockholder has been aroused against the rebate.

What has been said here about the rebate fines is of course by way of illustration merely in the discussion of a principle. The policy of punishing corporate bodies for corporate wrong-doing is based upon the recognition of the fact that under modern conditions there may be impersonal and corporate crime which is best attacked by an assault upon the underlying motive for which the offense is committed. If an illegal corporate profit is made extra-hazardous, it will be abandoned because good business requires it. If an economy, for example, in construction and maintenance or in operation consists in a failure to take decent precautions for the safety and comfort of the traveling public or for employees, and this economy is rendered of doubtful value because of the reasonable prospect of a substantial money penalty, the economy will be abandoned. If, however, that penalty be slight or the prospect of its infliction be remote, the illegal economy will continue.

The workings of the free transfer law in New York afford an illustration on this point. The law required and nominally still requires the issuance by the great street railway system of that city of countless millions of free transfers from one line to another at points of intersection. The company refused to obey it at many of these intersections. The law provided a penalty of $50 for each refusal, recoverable by the person to whom the transfer was refused. Many suits resulted. A class of lawyers conceived the idea of bringing these suits by wholesale. Their "clients" were instigated to travel daily in blocks of five on these cars; to demand the transfers where the law required them to be issued; and on being refused, subsequently to bring suit for the lump amount of penalties which the law afforded for these refusals.

By a construction of the statute to which is given a meaning quite different from its apparently plain wording, the Court of Appeals put a stumbling-block in the way of this highly questionable form of activity on the part of the local bar, and reduced their business from a prosperous wholesale to a meager retail trade. The railway company, encouraged by the decision, continued, where it chose, to break the law and to refuse the transfers. It found it more profitable to collect innumerable illegal nickels from the traveling public and to pay an occasional litigant the penalty which the statute provided. The law had failed to make an illegal profit uneconomical. If, however, the Court had been able sufficiently to overcome its disgust at the very questionable business methods of the professional transfer travelers so as to decide the test case in their favor, the railway would have found it cheaper to obey the law, and the public would have profited accordingly.

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Those who now are urging the punishment solely of persons for what are really corporate offenses seem to overlook not only the essential nature of the offense, but certain practical as well as ethical difficulties in their position. One is the great difficulty for outsiders to locate in the network of corporate management the offending person who should feel the whip of the law. Oftentimes responsibility seems to be divided into infinitesimal segments in the operation of a corporation, so that the indictment for wrong-doing of one man for the conduct of a great business system seems monstrous. Before we can hope to find the individual responsible for corporate criminality we must have a reorganization of corporation law which shall enable us more clearly to locate the actually responsible person. It seems rather a cowardly method of reforming corporate abuses simply to add to the legal responsibility of minor officials and employees in the service of these organizations, and to expect to make corporations honest by the terrors of jail thrust before office managers and bookkeepers. It is not necessary or proper, on the other hand, that these individuals should be relieved of all responsibility. But to place the whole burden on their shoulders is surely indefensible. To fill the jail with these subordinates can accomplish no real reform, for that reform must begin at the top and not at the bottom.

Some years ago, a nervous, middle-aged gentleman, who was a heavy stockholder in a great railway system, was traveling on it from New York to Chicago. At one of the stops which his train made, he left his coach, sought the engine cab, and in a very vehement fashion took the engineer to task for violation of rules. "Since our last stop," he said, "you have passed at full speed three signals where the rules require you to slow down. Don't you know, sir, that if we had met with an accident, and you were not killed yourself, you would probably be sent to jail for manslaughter?" The engineer took the scolding calmly. "You missed one," he said. "There were four of those slow-down signals. I mind them when I can, but this time I am late. You talk about the rules. Why, if I slowed down at all these signals, it would take twelve hours more to get to Chicago, and I might be discharged as soon as I got there. In my job there is only one real rule, and that is to keep the running time. You are right, though," he added, grimly, "about my going to jail for manslaughter. That's what the slow-down signals are for—to put it up to me in case anything happens. Jail chances are part of my job."

To increase indefinitely the number of jail chances which shall be part of the job of employees and agents of corporations is far from an attractive proposition to fair-minded men when its real character is understood. It is only just to assume that those who advocate jail sentences as a cure for the criminal conduct of corporate affairs mean that the individual culprits shall not be catspaws, not minor officers, clerks, and employees, but the dominating and directing men inside. This programme pleases the ear, but it is really, under present conditions, no practical programme at all. American corporation law has not yet been formulated with any clear purpose of fixing and localizing corporate responsibility, but rather of dissipating or concealing it. The perennial problem of the farmer at the fair—that of selecting from the three shells the one containing the little pea—is in miniature the problem of the police power of the State in the presence of corporate wrong-doing. The State is the puzzled farmer confronting not three but a myriad of shells; and, carrying the analogy a little further, it seems strange that so few of the friends who advise the farmer to seize boldly the vanishing pea, ignoring the embarrassment created by the shells, have had so little to say about the advantage of having less opacity in the shells themselves.

Punishing individuals for corporate offenses against the public will remain a doubtful and uncertain expedient until corporation laws have been remodeled. That work has not yet fairly begun. Criticism of existing corporation statutes is still regarded in conservative quarters as synonymous with attacks on property and on prosperity.

What has been said in favor of the

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principle of punishing corporate bodies does not involve a defense of all the absurd travesties upon that principle embodied in statutory enactments of State legislation in the past few years. It is not necessary to disagree with those who find in many of these anti-railway and anti-corporation statutes a disheartening and disgusting spectacle of self-destroying demagogy. It is doubtless true that a good part of the more conspicuous recent State railway legislation seems to proceed upon the theory that a railway is essentially a public enemy and an outlaw, having no rights or property entitled to constitutional protection through the courts. But the fact that these and many other anti-corporation laws impose grossly excessive, unnecessary, and unreasonable fines upon corporate bodies, and that the principle of punishing corporations for corporate offenses is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the legislative charlatan and the demagogue, falls far short as an argument, and fails to offer conclusive proof of the essential fallacy of that principle. It is no argument against medicine that quack doctors give it in overdoses.

The scope of this remedy may not be as broad as the whole field of corporate offenses. It is not to be claimed that corporate bodies should be punished in every instance for every offense committed against the public by officers or employees acting in their behalf. The argument which is here offered is simply an attempt to meet the criticisms of those who allege that the principle of punishing the corporation has no just basis whatever, and is essentially and in all respects wrong. It is not necessary to insist that the remedy for misconduct of corporate officials should in all cases be the use of the rod upon the corporation itself. It may, indeed, be the part of wisdom in many cases to mete out substantial punishment to the official as well as to the company in whose interest he misconducts himself. The whole point is that the principle of punishing corporations has, under present conditions at least, the right to live.

It may be that, considered as a policy, it is not a permanent but a transitional one. It may be that, by the reorganization of American corporation law, individual responsibility for corporate conduct may be made clearer and better defined, and the connection of the real owners of corporate property with its actual management shall be made less capable of concealment, and a practical method thereby afforded to stockholders of obtaining from them reimbursement to the corporate treasury for fines and penalties which in the first instance the corporation has been compelled to pay for official malfeasance. When such reforms have been made, we may then consider the advisability of making the offending individuals alone responsible for corporate misconduct, and of abolishing the responsibility of the corporation itself. In the meantime, however, no single influence, where strong influences are most needed, is likely to have greater cogency in urging on that reform in corporate organization than the one here considered. Until that reform has taken place the principle of punishing corporations will have its legitimate place in the armory of the law.

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# THE UNDISCOVERABLE COUNTRY

## BY ARTHUR COLTON

I WAS digging valuable jewels at the time, with a hammer and nail, out of the rocks among the huckleberry bushes. They were rubies and amethysts, a few emeralds, some sapphire and beryl, names which did me yeoman and high service in maintaining harmonious splendors in my mind. The term of value which I used for them was the simple dollar merely, concise and austere.

"Four thousand fifty," I was saying of a rough loosened ruby, "four thousand and fifty exactly;" but it was exactness to a further end.

Whoever understands such matters knows the power in all symbolism of precision in the form, of definiteness in the outline. Your airy nothing must be localized and named. Your ikon or crucifix confines the prayers of kneeling myriads in order that their prayers may be fervent and maintaining. I was precise in order to be indicative. Looking back now from a critical distance, I find that I never overvalued the stones among the huckleberry bushes; that, although I used conventional terms, the kind of value I meant was something like the kind of value which they really had, tending to harmonious splendors.

"Four thousand and fifty exactly."

But at that moment Peter Holland came out of the back door of his house and diverted my mind from the subject of riches in rocks to the subject of riches and Peter Holland. For if precious stones mined from the earth have the values of name and color, buried treasures of coined gold have the values of stealth and suspicion, and in case of opposition the stealth and suspicion values are apt to win.

Peter Holland was a small old man with dry, thin, sharp features, who walked with his head bent forward, gazing at the ground with narrowed eyes under heavy eyelids, and his lips puckered as if about to whistle, although I never heard him whistle; a hard, gray, grasping, silent man. In my mental image of him, which was made up of odds and ends of rumors, he was always engaged in foreclosing mortgages, and this I understood to be a selfish and disagreeable occupation by means of which one accumulated riches. It may have been that to be selfish and disagreeable were faults of my own, and so, being impressed upon me, had bulked in my eyes darkly huge among life's sins and shadows. He wore an alpaca coat over thin shoulders, and his nose was delicately pointed. His house stood on the Red Rock road. Behind it, across a meadow and the huckleberry pasture, began the woods, where lady-slippers grew and wood-thrushes sang in the covert. The woods belonged to Peter Holland, but it seemed unlikely that the lady-slippers belonged to him, or the wood-thrushes, or that he knew there were precious stones in the rocks of his huckleberry pasture. It seemed likely that in his coming across the pasture with a large basket on his arm, which he carried with some effort—in his stopping now and then and looking behind him—in his furtive, ferret-like gliding through the tufts of sweet-fern—there was more than met the eye. The Red Rock road was empty. Not another soul was in sight in all the green, hot landscape.

He went into the woods where a grassy cart road entered. I sprang up and followed, thinking of buried gold, of stealthy ambush, and breathless, creeping pursuit. A sheep in the huckleberry pasture bla-ated behind as I entered the woods—"Ba-a-a!"—a cynical sound of disgusted scorn.

In the theory of the pursuit of enemies, or of the pursuit of any persons under suspicion, the rule is, not to follow directly behind, but somewhat aside, provided the party is in sight; because one who looks behind him commonly looks *directly* behind, and seldom to one side. Knowing the Red Rock woods so well, I went apart and parallel to the cart road, keeping behind trees, careful not to step on dead branches, inventing one plot after another and discarding it, brimful



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of the pleasure of existence. The dusk of the woods was green and deep. Here and there a lady-slipper hung like a red bubble, and now and then I heard a thrush singing as if the woods were a church and his song were a service, not of petition or lamentation, but of the uplifting of a spirit overburdened with large and lonely thought. We passed the group of pines that stood at the highest point of the woods. From there the cart road sloped down to the left. I thought, "We'll come out by Rosa Leonard's house." But it did not seem much to know. Her house stood on the edge of the woods, and across the road from it were open and swampy fields, unfit for burying treasures, if one meant to do that kind of thing.

Rosa Leonard was one of the town poor, a fat woman and not clever, but old, as old as Peter Holland. When she walked, the side on which she stepped heaved up and the other side of her dropped down, and so on alternately, in a way that made one think of wallowing luxury. She groaned and complained a good deal of the time, but that was rather her way of entertaining herself. I suppose she had always been foolish partly, though perhaps good enough to look at once; but now she was good neither to look at nor to listen to. The little shambling shanty was also heaved up on one side and dropped down on the other. It belonged to Peter Holland as part of the Red Rock woods, and the township paid him her rent. One could go on with many odds and ends about her, fragmentary recollections, impressions such as drift down from their elders on the young in a kind of spray, the drip and ooze of looks and comments, half-words spilled into the alembic of a child's mind, making curious solutions. He knows, but he knows not what he knows, or why, or how. I knew that there was a shadow upon Rosa Leonard, something indicated by the term "not respectable." She was dull and dependent, but not humble nor uncomplaining; one of the despised, rejected and alone; one of the unimportant and little noticed; and the knowledge that Peter Holland was on a path that came out by Rosa Leonard's house did not seem an important piece of knowledge. I thought Peter Holland wouldn't be going to Rosa Leonard with gold in ingots; but he might have ideas of his own about where such things ought to be buried, in swamp or thicket. I followed on, still trusting him, and then saw that he was not any more walking in the path, bent sidewise with carrying his basket. He had vanished. This was sudden and satisfactory.

There was close underbrush of laurel and low evergreen all about. I crept into the laurel, stopping to listen, and then creeping on—knowing that, when an enemy disappears from the trail, it is apt to mean that he lies in ambush; or it might mean now that Peter Holland was burying ingots or doubloons in the thicket. Then I heard voices. The laurel was covered with pink, sticky flowers. I crept through, and came out under a spruce tree, whose lower branches laid their green ends flat along the ground and made a dusky space within, and I heard Peter Holland say:

"She cost two dollars and a half! Now look at her!" and Rosa Leonard answered:

"She's mine, anyhow!"

"Why can't you do it where it don't show?" said Peter Holland.

And after a moment's silence Rosa Leonard said:

"You can't ever know how it is!"

I peered out through the prickly branches. Rosa Leonard was sitting on the ground under another tree, holding in her lap a great wax-headed doll in a fluffy blue dress, whose face was all smudged away—a wasted, deformed, pathetic shadow of a face. Rosa Leonard looked down at it; her eyes were pale, wet, and shining, oozing unpleasant tears; and Peter Holland, sitting on the roots of the tree, watched her under his long eyelids.

"It ain't worth knowing from the way it acts," he said, dryly.

I wondered what "it" could be. Rosa Leonard rocked the doll and moaned:

"Yes, it is! It is, too!" and began to kiss the doll in a slobbery manner, so that one could see what had become of its face. I didn't admire that sort of

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thing, and Peter Holland looked as if he felt the same way. He said nothing and began to undo the cover of his basket. Then I grew faint with holding breath in the wonder of seeing him take out long shining ingots, one by one, from his basket.

They were not shaped as I had understood ingots to be shaped. They were yellow and shining, indeed, but round and of different lengths, and in number more than twenty. Rosa Leonard was astonished too, and asked, staring, "What's that?" And Peter Holland said, "You'll be pleased when you see," and began to fit one bar into another.

"It's a bed for her," he said at last.

"Oh!"

Rosa Leonard got up and came nearer to watch, as full of wonder as I, although I knew about golden beds, and how such had been slept in by queens and princesses in their day, and Rosa Leonard knew nothing about them. Then it came over me, with a sense of desolation, that the bars were not of gold, but of brass, and hollow, and that Peter Holland was putting them together with screws. When complete, it was a glittering beauty of a bedstead, three or four feet long, with little bulbs on the tops of the posts.

"Ain't it a fine one?" cried Peter Holland. "It cost me nine thirty-five."

Then suddenly his face changed. He gasped and scowled as if the words tasted poisonous.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Rosa Leonard.

The tears ran down her face, while she rocked to and fro, holding in her arms the doll with no face to speak of. Peter Holland turned away, sullen and scowling, and drew out of the basket an old, rectangular door-mat.

"That's the mattress, and it's a good enough one," he growled, laying it on the bedstead. After that he drew out a sheet and a yellow blanket.

"It's an old sheet, and the blanket's slazy," he said, and then seemed to cheer up with the thought. "You can cut 'em up if you've got to. Now you're fixed," he concluded, with a kind of indulgent contempt which I could understand, having much the same feelings toward those who were excited over dolls and unfitted to see the inferiority of brass bedsteads to ingots.

If the whole affair did not by this time seem to me sordid and dull, it was because of the mystery of Peter Holland's being engaged in it at all. Rosa Leonard, being simple-minded and one of the town poor, might well enough be interested in inferior objects, but Peter Holland had no business running around loose outside his reputation, buying a doll and a brass bedstead to please Rosa Leonard. Personally I thought everybody ought to have a consistent object. You never caught a chestnut tree with a maple leaf on it, and a June bug was always a June bug. If a pirate didn't act like a pirate, or a Peter Holland like a Peter Holland, he was unintelligible and distressing.

"There ain't another such bedstead in this town," said Peter Holland.

At that moment a dry stick snapped under my feet. Peter Holland turned about, and I dodged back hurriedly against a low branch of the spruce tree, which bent and rebounded. Peter Holland came over, pushed the branch aside and looked down on me, blinking his long eyelids.

"What you doing there?"

"I didn't know it was a bedstead," I said, confused.

"Come out of there."

I got up and followed him out, and Rosa Leonard looked at us blankly. We sat down, and all three looked at each other until I felt that the matter needed more conversation and some flattery, and I said:

"I guess it's the best bedstead in this town, because it's the shiniest one I ever saw."

No answer.

"I guess she'll feel pretty good when she's in it."

No answer.

"She's awful flatted out in her face. What's her name?"

"Susie," said Rosa Leonard.

"Why don't you put her to bed?"

"I'm going to," said Rosa Leonard, and began making up the bed. She laid the door-mat for a mattress, and folded the torn old sheet and blanket and put Susie in between. She did not know

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how to make the bed neatly, and left out a number of elementary things about going to bed, as I understood it by practice and observation, and these omissions gave me a sharp uneasiness. I said:

"You haven't taken off her clothes, nor done up her thumbs so she can't suck 'em, nor she hasn't said her 'Now I lay me!' I tell you what, she'll have the collywobbles if she doesn't say her 'Now I lay me!'"

"Will she?" said Rosa Leonard, stupidly.

"Well, I guess she will! I just said it only a little wrong once to see what it would do, and I got 'em bad."

I was wondering if people like Rosa Leonard had collywobbles proportioned to the size of themselves in the place where such things occur, but it did not seem polite to ask.

Rosa Leonard did not know her "Now I lay me," either. There seemed to be a number of things which were not known unless one was respectable. I taught her the formula, in order that Susie might not have the collywobbles. Susie's clothes were sewn on her, and the threads had to be cut. Rosa Leonard had fat smiles all over with the idea of fixing Susie's clothes like other people's to come on and off, and doing up her thumbs to prevent her sucking them. Peter Holland only sat by, blinked his long eyelids, and puckered his mouth and said nothing. When Susie was tucked in at last, he got up.

"Come along, boy," he said. "We got to be going."

We left Rosa Leonard sitting by the brass bedstead and crooning. She couldn't sing any tune or do anything much. She looked more like a heap than a person, and I didn't particularly like her.

We went back through the woods again by the wandering trail and leafy cart road. I followed close to Peter Holland, through the dusky greenness, past the red lady-slippers to the huckleberry pasture, where the same sheep bla-ated at us out of his tired contempt—"Ba-a-a!" In the pasture I walked side by side with Peter Holland, and asked questions which were the fruition of thought.

"What makes you good to Rosa, when you aren't to other people, nor cows?"

He turned and scowled.

"That's my business!" and after a moment's looking at me under his long, motionless eyelids, he said:

"What do you want to say nothing, boy?"

"Oh, I won't tell. What'd I tell for?"

But Peter Holland had no faith in the crossed fingers of honor. He wouldn't depend on anybody who wasn't paid. He put his trust in interest. After all, I didn't mind his preference. When I offered to borrow his horse "Jaybird" to ride, he looked so cheered up that he must have expected a more expensive bargain than the loan of Jaybird, who was an old gray horse with bunches on his knees. It was Jaybird's appearing at that moment directly before us in the pasture that had given me that solution to the problem as to what would be a fair reward for saying nothing about Susie and the brass bedstead. So long as I kept silence about Peter Holland's being good to Rosa Leonard, I could ride Jaybird when and where I liked—that is, reasonably. Peter Holland agreed to it.

There came to me once a singular dream, but whether it was during a night soon after this, or later, when I knew more of Peter Holland and Rosa Leonard and the features and characteristics of this world, I cannot make out to remember. The thing itself I remember with detail. I think that it must have occurred within a night or two after that day, and that perhaps later thoughts may have crept in and become mingled with the memory of it, not now to be distinguished.

I saw Peter Holland and Rosa Leonard climbing the cart road through the Red Rock woods, Rosa Leonard in front, puffing and complaining with the effort, both because she was fat and because she carried Susie on one arm and the bedstead on the other. The bars of the bedstead were not brass and hollow, but of solid gold, so that it must have been heavy. Susie's face was not smudged out any more, but looked very handsome and seemed to be alive. Peter Holland came after, saying nothing,

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but carrying his basket on his arm and bending with its weight, and I came after Peter Holland. A wood-thrush was singing like an organ with great volume and solemn swing, and the lady-slippers beside the cart road hung glowing like lanterns. Then we came to the top of a hill where the pines should have been, and in place of the pines was a milk-white door in a high glimmering wall, and beside the door an archangel was sitting comfortably by himself. His wings were purple and blue, and folded back like window shutters. His face was agreeable, though not so agreeable as Susie's, whose face puzzled me more and more. Rosa Leonard came up puffing and querulous to the door, one side of her heaving up, and then the other. The archangel said, "Go in, Rosa," and didn't criticise her, and she went in. But he stopped Peter Holland and shook his head.

"You have too much to forget," he said. "I know about Susie and the brass bedstead, but, after all, look at your basket! You can't go in with all that!"

The basket was filled with long, shining yellow ingots and rolls of paper labeled "Mortgages," and seemed painful to carry. Peter Holland looked at the basket, and then at the door that had closed behind Rosa Leonard.

"You let her take her doll in," he said in his dry way, as if he had no feelings about it.

The archangel opened his eyes, surprised.

"I forgot it was a doll. It had such a beautiful face. Are these things your dolls—there in your basket?"

He leaned back, with his fingers clasped about one knee, as if to think about it, and as if there were plenty of time, and partly as if to listen to the thrush in the woods below that sang like an organ. Peter Holland stood still too, as if there were plenty of time. His lips were puckered as if whistling, though he made no sound.

"You people are too complicated for me," said the archangel at last. "You weren't very nice about Rosa Leonard when you were young. I suppose Susie and the bedstead argues you rather came to regret it. I dare say. The trouble is, I can't make out how you did feel about it."

Peter Holland began moving toward the door, and now he pointed, as he passed on, to the glimmering masonry at the base of the high wall whose top could not be seen.

"There were some stones like those in my huckleberry pasture," he said, and went in through the door with his basket on his arm.

The archangel fell to talking to me for lack of better company. He was not old looking, but there were puckers around his eyes, and he made me think of some old men whom I knew who used to sit in front of the post-office, sometimes talking and sometimes only smoking, and who always had plenty of time.

I didn't seem to care about going in through the white door. It was just as at the post-office, where it always seemed to me more attractive to sit on the steps in the sunlight than to go in and get the mail; or, generally speaking, it was more interesting to be where men were passing on their way to get things than where they had already gotten what they wanted.

"We never could make out what you people were for, anyway," said the archangel. "Our theory is that misbehavior is superfluous, and you make us feel as if to be altogether good were a limitation. That doesn't seem right, and that's why we don't see what you were for—what the idea of you was, you know, in the first place."

After that the whole dream went off in wind and cloud. I regretted it because of the archangel. He was like some of the old men in front of the post-office, who knew so much that they knew how to be both candid and polite at the same time. I had always found that was a difficult thing.

A dream more or less made little difference to me, who had so many in those days. It was more important that Peter Holland let me ride Jaybird about the village, and that none in the village knew why Peter Holland was always lending me Jaybird. He was an old horse, Jaybird, with bunches on his knees, and he died long ago. So did Peter Holland and Rosa Leonard.

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# HOW ONE MAN SAVED A TOWN

## BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

THE town of X——, well settled by immigrants from Connecticut and southwestern Massachusetts in 1761, *was* run down. Broad stretches of hillside and even some of the lowland, which once produced from fifteen to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, were covered so thickly with prairie weed (*Potentilla fruticosa*) and steeple-top that even Angora goats could not find subsistence among it. Pastures which until the middle of last century had afforded the best of grazing, pastures clean and well fenced, were now given over to brush and thistles, to brakes and briers, and the few cattle that ranged through the thickets were ill-favored and lean-fleshed like the harbingers of famine in Pharaoh's dream. Some of the valley meadows where our fathers saw clover and timothy waist-high in June, and luxuriant fields of corn in August, were "sicklied o'er" with a little faded wire-grass, rarely thick enough to furnish a screen for the nest of the bobolink and song-sparrow. Only the widespreading forests looked sound and vigorous, as one could easily believe they had appeared to the first settlers. But the people of X—— made little use of the forests.

Where the meadows and pastures were run out, the houses and barns were dilapidated, suggesting by their hingeless doors, their rotting sills and broken window-panes an abandonment of the struggle with time and the elements. Old houses were seldom repaired, new ones were never built unless for summer use by city people. The life of the town in general, prior to the career which we are about to sketch, was slowly receding. As X—— was a purely agricultural community, the exhaustion of the soil lowered the tone and vitality of the inhabitants socially and religiously, as a low fever saps the resources of the human system.

The district school was indeed still in session, but with diminishing numbers and a marked decline in the efficiency of the teachers, due, no doubt, in part to the diminution of the school funds of the town. The church also was still open every Sunday, but the little, dispirited congregation heard no voice calling them to possess the land. Half of the meeting-house sheds were filled with old wagons, lumber, and sawdust. The roll of the church contained names which even the most charitable person could not believe to be written in the book of life, and offenses against divine law which the Jews of old punished with stoning were allowed to flourish in the light of day, a constant menace to the morals of the rising generation. There had been a grange in the town for a few years, but it had gone to pieces, as everything else seemed to be doing as fast as possible. Things were not as bad in X—— by a good deal as they might have been, but the trend had long been in the wrong direction. The present was depressing, and no one saw better days ahead. The settlement plan for the regeneration of decadent towns, which was to be set forth attractively and forcibly in The Outlook in the year 1900, had not yet risen on the thought of men.

Then something took place in the town of X——, in the year 1888—an event of the same mysterious sort as those that have been the starting-points of many forward movements in human history. A young man, born and brought up in the town and loving it well, who had been educated at the district school, at an academy in a neighboring town, and an agricultural college, formed a notable decision. He had come home to the old farm with his diploma and carrying in his pocket an offer of a position with good pay in the Bureau of Agriculture in Washington. There was also the attraction of life at the National capital and of association with experts in all departments of agricultural science. But this was not all. His own brother was in Iowa on a large farm, and had written him glowing letters of the opportunities which awaited him beyond the Mississippi.



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The young man in question, whose identity we may not disclose but whom we will call, symbolically, Mr. Life, was not deaf to these calls. He would have done the natural thing had he gone to Washington, or, if he wished a more independent life, had gone to Iowa. His father advised him to go into the Government office; no one held out any inducement to lead him to remain at home. But he had been asking the question in himself, What should be my aim in life? And whenever he thought seriously on the question, it seemed clear that the aim should not be money, but manhood and service. The question of aim led on to the question, Where can I make most of myself and do most for my kind? Then there rose before his inner eye the vision of another town of X——, a town in which the trend was upward, where farming paid, where homes were attractive, where social life was clean and generous, where school and church stood for more than they did at present or ever had in the past. What nobler ambition could he have than to realize this vision? Would not this be as worthy a contribution to his native land as he could hope to make anywhere? The vision haunted him, and, believing that he could turn the tide of affairs in X——, he decided to do it.

This was twenty years ago, and twenty years are not a long time in the life of a town. But the tide was turned, and the vision of the young man has been in part realized. And this is how it has been done.

In ten years he rejuvenated the old farm. He knew that this was fundamental, that his vision of a higher town life rested on clear success in farming. Here he was confronted by three serious problems, which tested his Yankee wit as well as his experience and knowledge gained at the agricultural college. There was, first of all, the problem of help. The physical tasks awaiting him were too great for one man, however strong and full of hope. Otherwise his father would have accomplished those tasks, but as a matter of fact he was always "under the harrow." Following the example of a lumberman whom he knew, Mr. Life went to New York, hired a young Swede, and brought him with his wife back to X——. The old tenement which his father had used for storage had been thoroughly repaired, freshly painted and papered, and provided with new furniture. This involved some expense, but he felt that it was good business policy as well as a Christian sort of thing to give the man who was to work with him an attractive and comfortable home. He had even had the forethought, while in New York, after he had found his man, to subscribe for a Swedish weekly for him; and perhaps it is not too much to say that the spirit which prompted this little act for the stranger who was to farm with him up in X—— was itself, in good part, the solution of the labor problem in his case. It was this spirit which led him at the end of a year to take the Swede into partnership with him, giving him besides his monthly wage a percentage of all produce that was marketed. After three years a second Swedish family, near relatives of the first, was secured, and the farm now afforded ample opportunity for all. To anticipate a little, it may be noticed here that the second man turned out to be an exceptionally successful gardener, and a piece of land which had yielded about thirty dollars a year in grass, a swampy place infested by moles, was brought by him in three summers to yield—chiefly in celery—just thirty-fold as much revenue. Little more need be said of Mr. Life's relation to the problem of help. The immigrant and co-operation in a liberal spirit—this was the solution in his case.

The second problem which the young man faced was the restoration of the soil. Here his agricultural course and his constant contact, through books and papers, with the Government experiment stations and with progressive farmers—for there *are* progressive farmers even in rural New England—were of great value. Fully forty acres of his two hundred he proceeded at once to reforest, sowing sugar maple seed over a large area that was most easily accessible, and a variety of coniferous and deciduous trees on the remaining acres, making a special experiment with the eucalyptus for railway ties. These forty acres are now rapidly becoming a valuable asset,

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and promise in another twenty years to be worth several times as much as the entire farm when he took it.

In regard to the better grade of land, that which was tolerably level and free from rocks, the chief point in Mr. Life's method, as he tells me, was concentration. Not concentration on one crop, for he has greatly increased the variety of products from his farm, but concentration on a small piece of land. Beginning with a few acres, he has now, in twenty years, brought from thirty to thirty-five acres of land up to a high state of fertility. He soon discovered that the soil was not so completely exhausted as had been thought. It was in part only "tired" of doing the same thing year after year, with no assistance except that of rain and sun. Intensive farming, such as is practiced in Saxony, for example, Mr. Life thinks best adapted, not only to his place in X——, but to hundreds of farms throughout New England.

The third and more delicate of the greater problems which had to be met by Mr. Life was how to market his produce. No one in X—— understood how to do this. Maple syrup of excellent quality was sold in bulk for sixty or seventy cents a gallon, and then, having been heavily adulterated, was retailed in the cities for twice as much. Mr. Life did what all farmers in similar circumstances must learn to do, individually or co-operatively; he studied the markets, visited two or three of the nearest large cities, showed his produce in practical and attractive form, and sold direct to large houses. He learned in this way what was demanded, in what form various articles were most salable, and where to sell. The amount saved in this manner, together with the saving on some of the larger purchases necessary for the home and farm, which he secured by buying in the city, was of itself sufficient to make a success of what would otherwise have been the old discouraging story. There was also a real satisfaction, not to be overlooked, in the consciousness of being able decently and profitably to complete the farmer's task.

These three problems, though by no means the only ones which confronted Mr. Life, are enough to introduce into this brief chronicle. With their solution and ten years of enthusiastic work, the old farm was transformed and the material basis was secured for the realization of the higher part of his vision. He had made farming pay in X——, pay not only in dollars and in the large increase in the value of property, but also in pleasure and in the sense of power that was gained by triumphing over adverse conditions. His example gave light and hope to others in the neighborhood, and a half-dozen farms were soon beginning to rise with his own. In more than one case intelligent co-operation proved that where there had previously been hardly enough to feed and clothe one family there was now enough to feed and clothe two, and something left over. The idea of intensive farming also won its way, and, as the years have passed, it has created little oases in the midst of the general poverty of the fields. In regard to the marketing of produce, the neighbors of Mr. Life were glad to make use of his knowledge and ability, for not every farmer was qualified to follow his example; and the result was a co-operative sellers' league, through which Mr. Life, who has always been its president and has gladly given his services, has been able to raise the standard of excellence in a number of important products.

But in the ten years given to saving the old farm Mr. Life did not lose sight of his original aim—manhood and service. Instead of fading into the light of common day, his vision of a higher type of town took on new definiteness, and seemed more realizable and worth while than at first. As he succeeded in farming, and saw the new springtime, which was calling out a wealth on his own place undreamed of before, touching one and another of the neighboring farms, he began to wonder whether he could not carry on into the higher life of the town the principles by which he was solving the problems of the material life. He pondered the matter deeply. The little unpainted school-house, half buried in a tangle of choke-cherry bushes, which he saw twenty times a day, often reminded

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him of it, and he could not fail to think upon it Sunday, when, with a few others, he went to the well-nigh deserted and altogether discouraged village church. Could he do for the school and the church anything like what he had done for his farm?

So he asked himself what he had really done for the farm, and found that he could state it very simply. He had put himself into it; he had made it pay; by making it pay he had awakened the desire in other farmers to put his ideas into practice, and they had begun to do it. He had not urged his neighbors to change their methods. He had not taken pains to distribute among them books and papers on agriculture or magazine articles on the decadent New England town. He had just shown them that farming in X—— might be made to pay well. Thus far this had been his only gospel—not preached but simply incarnated in his new-old farm. Not all heeded it, but some did, and the tide was turned. Could he apply this simple principle to the higher life of X——?

This is what Mr. Life undertook in earnest about ten years ago. The district school, as it was near and drew its pupils from his immediate neighborhood, seemed the best field in which to begin. He knew he was not a trained educator, but he was on the ground and the trained educator was not, and, moreover, he knew the people. So, in the leisure which he was now able to get from farm work, he studied this new soil and began to put his life into it, as he had put it into his land ten years before. The voters of the district had confidence in him, for he had not only saved his farm, but he had done it in a generous, neighborly spirit. When, therefore, he said that the school ought to yield double or treble the returns which they were getting from it, and that he thought he saw how this could be done, they replied that if he would go ahead they would follow. The result—for we cannot follow the course of affairs in detail—was briefly this: At the end of five years they had had but two teachers, and hoped to keep the present one indefinitely; they had their studies graded as in the Massachusetts grammar schools; they had a library of between sixty and seventy volumes, in which the history of New England, the poets and essayists of New England, had a prominent place; and best of all, to judge from the interest which the children took in its varied occupations and aims, was the school farm of two acres fenced and given by Mr. Life for the use of the scholars. All work on it was directed by a committee of three, consisting of the teacher and of one boy and one girl elected annually by the school. Mr. Life, besides furnishing the children seed and friendly advice, offered to take all the produce of the school farm at its market value. He made a suggestion, which has become a tradition at the school, that the children should have one half of all that they could produce, and that they should give the other half to the beautifying of the school-house.

Two facts remain to be noticed in this connection. As the school entered on its sixth year, the children of two neighboring districts, seeing what was going on, asked if they might not come to this school. The outcome was that the nearer of the two districts was merged in Mr. Life's, and the school funds were correspondingly increased. The children were eager to go the longer distance for the sake of being in "Mr. Life's school." The other fact is this: In the ten years since the rebirth of the school, whose roll has never contained more than thirty names, seven have gone away for further education, while in the twenty-five years *prior* to that event only one pupil of the school had continued his studies. And besides this a considerable number of the scholars have imbibed so much of Mr. Life's spirit in the school farm that, if they become farmers or farmers' wives in X——, it is almost certain that they will be of the progressive sort. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Life sees in the metamorphosis of the district school of his neighborhood a partial fulfillment of his vision, nor that he takes pleasure in turning a generous part of the increase of his farm into this hopeful channel.

But in following Mr. Life's relation to the children of his neighborhood we have passed the beginning of his third effort for his native town. He had made

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his farm a gospel to the countryside; he had made his district school a magnet which actually drew boys and girls from adjoining districts; but for a long time he saw no way of applying his fundamental principle to the church. He felt that the church, or rather the religious nature of the membership, was in a condition similar to that of his poorest land, which he was now reforesting. But how reforest this spiritually waste soil? How should he help to make the church in its way as attractive as his meadows or the school farm? He was ready to give of his life, if he could see how to do it so as to secure adequate returns. It finally occurred to him, to use his own figure, that he might regard the minister as he did the piece of land which he chose at the first for intensive farming. So he quietly began to concentrate his energies at this point. He brought the minister again and again to his farm, showed him just how he made the farm pay, explained how the soil had been raised to a high state of fertility, how he utilized all waste, and how he disposed of his produce.

At length, when he had baptized the minister in his own enthusiasm for farming, when he had broken the ban of hopelessness that had always seemed to rest on him, and had created in him an interest in something progressive, he told him frankly of his aim in life—that his farm was intended as an evangelist, and invited him to become a silent partner and to receive, for three years at least, one-quarter of the farm's net earnings for use in his church work. This experience was to the minister like the appearance of the angel to Paul on the ship which was driving helplessly and hopelessly before the northeast typhoon. He saw the analogy between an exhausted farm and an exhausted church, and argued that he ought to be able to secure as clear a transformation of his church as Mr. Life had made of the old meadows.

The idea of intensive spiritual farming took hold of him. He began to try it on himself. Instead of getting next to nothing from two hundred acres—planted, so to speak, for sociology, evolution, political economy, theology ancient, theology modern, new and newest—he decided to concentrate on the simple religion of Jesus.

And as he did so there was at once a new note in his preaching, a new spirit in his life, and, what had been unknown in the church of X—— for a generation, there were unmistakable signs of power. Here was something so new and strange that he hardly knew what to think of it—returns, dividends, income from his religion. Here was something, after all, that *paid*.

Of course his work in the parish, with scarcely any premeditation on his part, became intensive like that which he had been doing in his own study. It is too soon to say much of results, even if I were at liberty to do so. Exhausted land can be renewed in three or four years; an exhausted church requires longer. But it is clear that a new day has dawned in the church of X——. There are no more organizations for religious work. Indeed, it is quite likely that the arrival of *life* may render some of the existing organizations unnecessary.

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

Intensive farming brought increase of life to the meadows in X——, and is doing the same in the church.

Twenty years are just passed, and the vision is coming to fulfillment. At three crucial points the tide has been turned. This has been done from within, and every one who visits Mr. Life's farm or the district school, as I have done, will say that his work pays. Yes, and every one who has an ear for the Gospel, every one who recognizes the signs of spiritual power, will say that nothing that Mr. Life has done is really paying better than his private partnership with the village minister.

In a few months our New England schools of agriculture will confer diplomas on about seventy-five young men. Of these a few may enter the employ of the Government, more will probably feel called to become teachers in the rapidly developing agricultural institutions of the country; but if half of the number, yea, if one-quarter or even one-tenth of the number, would dedicate themselves, in the spirit of Mr. Life, to the rejuve-

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nation of rural New England, they would make this year forever memorable. If rural New England is to be saved for the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, if it is to furnish in coming years a high type of agricultural prosperity and an increasing number of homes in which leaders shall be trained who will be worthy of the New England succession, then something like the career of Mr. Life must enter into the history of many towns.

# "NOT UNCLOTHED BUT CLOTHED UPON"

## (EASTER)

BY MARGARET DOANE GARDINER

I had a dream of one I loved,
Of one I loved and laid away
When the soul had fled from the darkened eyes,
As daylight at the end of day
Grows dim and dimmer from hill to hill
And leaves the dark earth mere dead clay.
And the clay was no longer my dear one.

I had a dream that *my* soul was free
From the grip of mortal law,
And the iron gates stood open wide,
That had bruised my pleading hands before;
And where my heart and will would go
No stumbling body barred the door.
I was free, and I sought my dear one.

Then terror seized my new-freed soul.
I cried aloud from sphere to sphere:
"How shall I know my love anew?
Her voice is *dead* that I used to hear;
Her eyes, her lips that I kissed, her hair;
All *dead*, the clay that I held so dear:
And I know not the form of my dear one."

She came . . . And myriad souls there were,
From new-made worlds, new-clad in light;
But I knew my love—and in mystic joy
I woke. . . . It was only a dream of night;
But now I know I shall know her well,
When, free of the limits of human sight,
I see her again, my dear one.

For I dreamed not the face that the earth now holds,
I dreamed not the lips that are dead and cold;
The form I dreamed was her deepest self,
Embodied so that it fitly told
Her spirit of love, lived day by day
In the old half-hindering mask of clay.
It was not the clay that I loved of old,
'Twas the living soul of my dear one.

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# A NEW LIFE OF CHATHAM[1]

FIFTEEN years ago Dr. Albert von Ruville, a learned German scholar, had his attention directed to an intricate problem connected with the Seven Years' War. This in its turn interested him in the English history of the period, and out of the enthusiasm thus engendered grew a determination to write a book that has been long needed—a definitive biography of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, England's greatest War Minister and empire-builder. With characteristic Germanic thoroughness, he went to work, ransacked the archives of his native land, made frequent visits to England, and, in addition to the abundant source material, levied on the evidence contained in the invaluable manuscript collections of the correspondence of Pitt, Newcastle, and other contemporary statesmen. The results of his labors he embodied in a monumental treatise, an excellent English translation of which has recently been imported into this country in three bulky volumes.

Only a casual glance is needed to realize that it is in many respects a work of first-rate importance. It throws much fresh light on the history of English party politics and English domestic and foreign policy during the period of Pitt's activities. It presents a vast variety of corrective data leading to a juster view of certain celebrated historic personages—notably Walpole and Bute. It affords the student a clear idea of the nature and workings of the English Constitution. It includes a masterly analysis of the progress and conclusion of the Seven Years' War. And it develops many facts concerning Pitt himself which have been imperfectly understood, and in some instances even unknown.

But as a biography of Pitt it is a distinct and lamentable failure. Indeed, had Pitt been the sort of man Dr. von Ruville paints him, there would be no justification for telling the story of his life in three massive volumes of over one thousand closely printed pages. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his admirable biographical study, which undoubtedly contains the best portrait of Pitt ever drawn, frankly recognized his limitations—his theatricality, his opportunism, his inconsistency, his occasional insincerity. But Mr. Harrison at the same time brought into clear relief the brilliant qualities that gave Pitt his right to be a leader of men and won him an endearing place in the esteem and admiration of posterity. In Dr. von Ruville's pages Pitt is absolutely shorn of his greatness—appearing no longer as a statesman of honor, integrity, and nobility, but as a pettifogging politician animated by the most sordid motives.

Dr. von Ruville would even rob him of his claim to a place among the world's foremost orators, basing his criticisms of Pitt's speeches on the imperfect contemporary reports, which the author himself admits are valueless for the purposes of deduction. Pitt was, we infer from Dr. von Ruville's studied depreciation, nothing better than a "mob orator," appealing to the passions and the prejudices of the multitude. And this although emphasis is elsewhere and frequently laid on his innate Tory and aristocratic tendencies. But criticism of his oratorical abilities pales beside the constant and unflagging attacks on his rectitude and his statesmanship.

Insisting on the "fundamental nobility" of his character, there is scarcely an instance where Dr. von Ruville finds Pitt's conduct determined by "fundamentally noble" motives. On the contrary, he seems to regard Pitt as almost uniformly influenced by greed of place, power, and money. It was pure expediency that led him to oppose George II and Walpole and throw in his lot with the "Boy Patriots" and the Prince Regent. He expected King George to die ere long, and therefore would assure himself of office under King Frederick—who did not live to be king. It was lust for office, again, that caused him to align himself with those who harried Walpole into the disastrous Spanish War—"en-

[1] William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Albert von Ruville. Translated by H. J. Chaytor, Assisted by Mary Morison. Introduction by Professor Hugh E. Egerton. In 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $9 per set.



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dangering the State to secure their own aggrandizement." The same motive—together with the money motive—induced him to remain a member of Prince Frederick's household after the Prince had sacrificed him in the reorganization of the government in 1740. In the warfare against Carteret he proved himself a member of a factional group which "clearly showed that office, with its contingent advantages of wealth and power, was their main object, and that their championship of liberty was only a means to overthrow their opponents and to secure the popular favor."

Worse still, Dr. von Ruville describes Pitt as a confirmed legacy-hunter, asserting that his conduct at two important periods of his career is explainable only on the assumption that he wished to make sure of two enormous bequests. The Duchess of Marlborough had planned to give Pitt a share in her inheritance; the Duchess of Marlborough hated Walpole, therefore Pitt fought Walpole relentlessly. "This connection of events," Dr. von Ruville admits, "cannot be demonstrated by certain evidence upon every point, but much of Pitt's behavior, especially the obstinate ferocity with which he persecuted Walpole after his fall, thus becomes more intelligible. The fact of this persecution is indeed capable of another explanation, as I have attempted to show in the proper place; but the manner of it can only be interpreted by this business of the Marlborough inheritance." Similarly, Pitt's opposition to the peace of 1763 and his denunciation of Wilkes are alike attributed in no small degree to his expectation of receiving a legacy from Sir William Pynsent, an eccentric landowner of Somersetshire. "The husband of this gentleman's next heiress was Frederick, Lord North, of future celebrity. Lord North voted for the Cider Bill, which so enraged Sir William that he incited the mob to burn him in effigy. Henceforward he bestowed all his affection upon Pitt; and his particular reason for so doing was that Pitt stoutly opposed the peace. In his youth Sir William had uplifted his voice against the peace of Utrecht, which was objectionable to his ardent Whig views as being a Tory measure. Now the same occurrence seemed to have repeated itself; again a cabinet consisting partly of Tories had, in his opinion, surrendered the fruits of many victories and concluded a premature peace. The old enthusiasm and the old indignation awoke, and impelled him to reward the conductor of the war and opponent of the peacemaker with the bequest of his valuable estate." But rumor ran that Sir William had cooled in his ardor, and was planning to change his will in favor of Wilkes, as being a more determined opponent of the court; hence "an additional reason for the sudden violence with which Pitt attacked the editor of the North Briton." More than this, Dr. von Ruville calmly affirms that "consideration of purely material interests, his hope of a considerable inheritance [from Sir William Pynsent], prevented Pitt from seizing the rudder of state at the right moment [in 1763] and guiding the country in the American question."

Yet the writer of these damning lines cannot produce a scintilla of evidence to prove that Pitt had so much as heard of Sir William's generous intentions. Nor, as opposed to such accusations of cupidity and avarice, can Dr. von Ruville wipe out the eloquent fact of Pitt's refusal to accept the irregular emoluments which might so easily have been his as Paymaster-General. Lamely enough, his "impartial" biographer pretends that this "monetary renunciation" was the result of a politic prudence. "He knew that his actions were keenly observed, not only by his enemies but by his present patrons, for purity is always a thorn in the side of the impure. The discovery of malpractices would have enabled his enemies to undermine his position, while his patrons would have been more easily able to dismiss him from their service, even though his faults should be the same as theirs. On the other hand, it would be an incalculable advantage to him, now that he occupied a post unusually open to temptations of this kind, if he could present his integrity intact, and if, in the midst of a corrupt plutocracy, he could appear a monument of disinterestedness, a kind of inexorable Fabricius, unassailable by temptation.

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. . . His renunciation may, too, have been facilitated by a disinclination for financial business, and *a general contempt for the pecuniary side of questions*." This last while Dr. von Ruville is laboriously striving to prove that Pitt had anything but a "general contempt for the pecuniary side of questions."

Even the painful malady from which the great statesman suffered is turned to his disadvantage. Other biographers, adopting the view set forth in Sir Andrew Clark's declaration—"Suppressed gout disordered the whole nervous system and drove him into a state of mental depression varying with excitement and equivalent to insanity"—have found in Pitt's sufferings an adequate explanation of much that is otherwise incomprehensible in his conduct during the closing years of his life. But Dr. von Ruville, while admitting the reality and intensity of his affliction, will have it that Pitt repeatedly utilized his gout as a means on the one hand of winning popular sympathy and favor, and on the other of avoiding the performance of his duty. Thus, it is charged, his illness gave him a convenient excuse for inaction during the critical period immediately preceding the outbreak of the American Revolution. Dr. von Ruville says, in effect, that Pitt realized that a storm was coming, that he saw no way of averting it, that he shrank from making himself responsible for decisive measures which would thrust upon him the blame for the approaching disaster, but that he planned, after the calamity had fallen on the nation, to bestir himself, enter the lists, and win the victor's laurels.

Clearly, it is not a biography that Dr. von Ruville has written, but an indictment. Were it supported by adequate evidence, it would unquestionably be necessary for us to modify our conception of Pitt, and to believe that, so far from having labored devotedly and patriotically for the welfare of his country and his countrymen, he was a shrewd, calculating charlatan and scoundrel, utterly unworthy of respect. But the evidence to sustain this latter view is nowhere forthcoming; and the inference is irresistible that Dr. von Ruville entered upon his task with sundry preconceived ideas and theories, to the development of which he has devoted his energies. Certainly it is significant that he describes George III, the stubbornest monarch who ever filled the English throne, as a "pliable" king; and that he betrays an ardent admiration for Lord Bute. But, as was said in the beginning, his work has certain qualities that will give it lasting value. If it libels rather than portrays Pitt, it presents many new facts which, considered apart from the deductions unwarrantably drawn by the author, assist to a clearer understanding of Pitt's career and of the reasons for his successes and failures.

# *Comment on Current Books*

*Worshipers of Kâli*

Râmakrishna[1] was a devotee of Kâli, the great goddess of modern Brahminism, and he lived and died at one of her famous shrines a few miles above Calcutta, on the shores of the Ganges. Here, living that life of renunciation so captivating to the Hindu mind, but surrounded by loving followers who looked after all his bodily wants, he gathered to himself twelve disciples, who became "the pillars upon which the divine manifestation" (*i.e.* Râmakrishna) "was about to build the structure of his universal mission." These twelve are "the world-renowned Swâmis of the order of Srî Râmakrishna," of whom several have been more or less familiar figures in New York, and one of whom, known as Abhedânanda, has gathered the sayings of his master and translated them into excellent English as the "authorized edition," and calls it "The Gospel of Râmakrishna." There is a curious interest about this little book to any one, but especially to one who may have looked upon the Kâli orgies, so common and so disgusting a spectacle in India. It is not easy to find an educated Hindu who will uphold the Kâli worship in talking with an Occidental. Here, however, one finds the very name *Kâli* transformed into "Divine Mother," while the loftiest interpretations and most etherealized and ingenious explanations are

[1] The Gospel of Râmakrishna. (Authorized Edition.) Published by the Vedanta Society, New York City.

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put upon those very features of the common idolatry which have been by many close students of things Indian regarded as fundamental sources of that deterioration of mind and corruption of morals so sadly manifest in Hindustan. It would be hard to find anywhere a better example of that omnivorous inclusiveness which marks modern Hindu philosophy than is to be found herein. According to his translator, this holy man by the Ganges could appropriate every tenet of any known religion, anything that he had ever heard, or had evolved from his evidently complex interior consciousness, and yet make of the result that combination of apathy, inertia, and ecstasy which flourishes nowhere save at the shrines of Kâli. Reading as sympathetically as one may, the query will rise, Would not the Swâmi have done better for his cult if he had found another title for the sayings of his master than the one already identified with the message of Him who came to give life, abundant and eternal?

*What a Dutch Woman Thinks about America*

"Their loving friends" have portrayed Americans from many points of view. It would seem as though the world ought now to understand what particular features characterize us. Among the more notable expositors and critics of America may be mentioned Mr. Muirhead and the late G. W. Steevens, MM. Bourget and Pascal and Madame Blanc, Dr. Schultze in his "Streifzüge" and Dr. Kuyper in his "Varia Americana," the last named the Dutch ex-Prime Minister. Now comes one of Dr. Kuyper's daughters, Henriette, and describes a particular, indeed a chief, feature of American life, namely, our homes.[1] Some of the foregoing writers have touched upon this feature, but none have brought to the task a truer appreciation. None have made it the reason-of-being of an entire book. It is high time that we had some such tribute. Europeans in general and Hollanders in particular have long regarded us as a commercialized and material folk, because, forsooth, ours has long been dubbed "the land of the dollar." In comparison with older European civilizations ours is, of course, a young country. Foreigners in general not unnaturally suppose our time to be overwhelmingly occupied with making money and developing the country, and that thus there is scant time left for domestic enjoyment. Some of them also have the curious conviction that we live mostly in vast apartment-hotels, where our children's education is inseparably connected with the mixed society traveling up and down the elevators; that our amusements are chiefly the theater and opera, at which people appear mainly to display their jewels and apparel. We know that such impressions have become more or less inveterate, because we hear continual expressions of surprise from foreigners at discovering Americans to be not only really an idealistic rather than a materialistic people, but one fundamentally domestic. This realization comes with a specially pleasurable shock of surprise to Dutch men and women; because, of all Continental countries, theirs is the one in which home life is most emphasized. No visitor to Dutch towns can fail to be impressed with the large proportional number of individual houses, occupied by individual families, to that which one may find elsewhere. A Dutch woman's recognition of America, not as the "Land of the Dollar" but as "The Land of Homes," is pleasant reading in America as well as in Holland, and the book deserves early translation. Miss Kuyper sails hither, naturally, on a Holland-America liner. She records her first impressions of New York and Brooklyn. She visits Boston and Philadelphia, Cambridge and Concord, West Point and Vassar, Niagara and Washington. It is interesting to follow the home-motive as she thus journeys, and to gain her delighted impressions of our emphatic domesticity. A second and equally interesting feature of the book lies in its author's impressions of certain American men and women, for instance, of the President, ex-Secretary Foster, Mr. Choate, Dr. Hale, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Booker Washington, Mark Twain, Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Ruth Putnam, and others. She sees many Americans of many minds, but when she sums up America as a whole she calls it the America of Washington and Lincoln, of Longfellow and Motley. She believes it, in general, represented in the pages of Theodore Roosevelt's "American Ideals." As an epilogue, Miss Kuyper adds a charming chapter entitled "How I Found Holland when I came back from America."

[1] Een Half-Jaar in de Homes van Oost-America. Door Henriette S. S. Kuyper. D. A. Daamen, Rotterdam.

*Aaron Burr*

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis's "An American Patrician"[1] is, like its author's "When Men Grew Tall," a biographical study cast in the form of fiction. This time the subject is the ever-romantic figure of Aaron Burr. Adopting the view that Burr's scheme of Western conquest involved no traitorous designs, Mr. Lewis contrives to arouse a good deal of sympathy for his hero; and, it is perhaps needless to say, he handles his subject with vigor and ease, and with his usual knack for incisive charac-

[1] An American Patrician: The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

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terization. Yet in the present instance there can be no doubting that he has singularly misused his talents. Apart altogether from the truth or falsity of his portrait of Burr, he draws a grossly distorted picture of the times and of the historic personages with whom Burr had to do. We are possibly prone to an over-exalted idea of the men of the Revolutionary period, but we certainly have every reason to venerate their memory and to believe that not a few of the leaders among them were truly great. Yet, as seen in the pages of "An American Patrician," even such illustrious figures as Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams become small indeed. For this reason Mr. Lewis's latest adventure in "fictional" biography is far more deserving of censure than of praise.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence*

"Gentlemen," Sir Thomas Lawrence's father, a Bristol innkeeper, used to say to his customers, "here's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?" And the boy could do either. The latter of these talents was not neglected by the worthy innkeeper. It led to a life of apparently unbroken successes, to a membership in the Royal Academy, to a knighthood, and, at Benjamin West's death in 1820, to the presidency of the Academy. This office was held by Lawrence until his death ten years later. As Mr. R. S. Clouston says in his biographical sketch,[1] such was the wonderful record made by a man who, both in art and general education, was to all intents and purposes self-taught. Despite his mediocre eye for color, Lawrence's place in art has been moving slowly but steadily higher. It is a satisfaction, then, to read Mr. Clouston's compact but suggestive estimate, to which a great wealth of illustration adds interest.

*William Penn*

The founder of Philadelphia has not lacked biographers, but this handsomely illustrated volume[2] is by no means a superfluous addition to the existing memoirs of a great figure in our colonial history, not yet adequately appreciated. Macaulay's unjust and cruel aspersions on his character are, unfortunately, wider known than the thorough refutation which has been given them. Penn's friendly relations with the tyrannical James II brought deserved suspicion upon him, and he seems to have had too good an opinion of the King's policy; but James had been his protector and friend from his youth, and the worst that can be said of Penn is that he did not join in the movement which dethroned him. His early devotion to the cause of the then detested Quakers, his partnership in their sufferings, his preachings and writings, his organization of their migration and their colony of Brotherly Love, his governorship of it and what it cost him in treasure and trouble, exhibit in Mrs. Grant's narrative a character of thorough consistency to ideals far beyond those of his contemporaries. Her work is evidently the fruit of careful research, but she has made the not uncommon slip of multiplying into "many" the three Quakers who were put to death in Boston.

[1] Sir Thomas Lawrence. By R. S. Clouston. (Newnes' Art Library.) Frederick A. Warne & Co., New York. $1.25, net.

[2] Quaker and Courtier: The Life and Work of William Penn. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.

*Saint Catherine of Siena*

The power of a pure life, like sunlight, affects far more than the mere surface lives upon which it shines. A depth of influence, not always recognized at the time, extends beneath the things seen, and establishes health in the springs of being. This careful study[1] of the religion, literature, and history of the fourteenth century in Italy, by the accomplished student Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., centers about the sweet and noble saint of Siena. Of humble origin, the daughter of a dyer, the maid early showed the impulse of holy desires. Withheld by her family, she suffered persecution and hardship with so gentle a mien and so loving a spirit that at length her parents yielded, and she devoted herself to religion and good works. She was born in 1347, and in her actual girlhood shared in the ecclesiastical and political troubles that kept Italy and France in continual turmoil all her life. Burning with desire for the purification of the Church, she wrote letter after letter to great men and women of affairs both in Church and State. Nearly four hundred of her letters have been preserved, and she is reckoned, with Petrarch, the second great letter-writer of the fourteenth century. She probably began to write in 1370, the year of her entrance into public life, as the inspired ambassadress of Christ, often used as mediator between the warring cities of Italy, in the effort to reconcile rebellious towns to the Papal rule. At this time the Papal court was at Avignon, and Catherine's overwhelming desire was to restore it to Rome. This she witnessed before her death, and it was accomplished largely through her efforts. When the rival College of Cardinals in Avignon set up their own Pope, she remained true to Urban IV, who was now in Rome. The author enters perfectly into the mystical religious spirit of the time, and the reader finds great satisfaction in the absolute unity

[1] Saint Catherine of Siena. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.

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of tone throughout the book. The copious extracts from Catherine's letters reveal an exquisite soul, a wonderfully endowed woman, "of an intuition so swift and infallible that men deemed it miraculous, the magic of a personality so winning and irresistible that neither man nor woman could hold out against it, a simple untaught wisdom that confounded the arts and subtleties of the world." When learned men tried to enmesh her in theological problems, she answered simply that only one thing was necessary, "to know that Christ, the true Son of God, had assumed human nature for our salvation, had suffered and died for our liberation; and she spoke to them so sweetly of the love of Him that they were moved to tears." She grew to be a virile counselor for even the Sovereign Pontiff; and while gentle and humble, she did not hesitate to point clearly to the awful corruption everywhere to be seen in the Church. In all the tangle of rebellion, corruption, oppression, of her time, she kept a single aim, the reformation of Holy Church and the individual salvation of the people. Her correspondents, we are told, included a Romagnole mendicant in Florence, a Jewish usurer in Padua, no less than two Sovereign Pontiffs and three kings. She was consumed by her undying zeal; she gave all she had, and died exhausted, a noble sacrifice for her Church and country. She laid down her work in 1380, a work that was to be taken up half a century later by Savonarola. The volume under consideration, apart from its value to students and to all intelligent readers, has a peculiar charm of style, and this charm is supplemented by the excellent engravings from famous pictures to be seen in Siena and Florence, together with several facsimiles of Catherine's letters. It would be interesting to read Vida Scudder's beautiful story, "The Disciple of a Saint," as a pendant to this more serious work.

*The American Nation*

With the publication of an analytic index to its twenty-six volumes,[1] the "American Nation" co-operative history of the United States is at last fully rounded out. As our readers will have gathered from the notices given the successive contributions, the work as a whole represents a high standard of scholarship, and reflects great credit on all connected with its production. There have been more readable American histories, but there is none that presents such a variety of sound information. The analytic index emphasizes this feature of the work. It is something more than a mere consolidation of the indexes to the separate volumes, its author, Mr. David M. Matteson, of Harvard, having devised an excellent system of reference by groups, with cross-references to cognate topics as well as to sub-titles in the specific groups. Also, wherever the subject is exceptionally extensive, the indexing is by periods. Thus, each successive National election has its own index, as have the different Congresses. This simplifies matters very much for the student who knows exactly what he is seeking. There is only one drawback, and this is not Mr. Matteson's fault. It rests with the publishers, who, for some unfathomable reason, have omitted to indicate on the binding the numerical progression of the volumes—an omission which, of course, militates greatly against the usefulness of the work for ready reference.

[1] The American Nation: Vol. 27. Analytic Index. Compiled by David Maydole Matteson, A.M. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.

*Ancient China*

It is no easy matter to invest the early history of China with a thrill of real interest to Occidental readers, so there should be no complaint at failing to find entertainment in Professor Friedrich Hirth's recently published work on the dynasties which flourished before the Christian era.[1] Indeed, Professor Hirth distinctly states that he aims to provide only a text-book for students and a work of reference for general readers; and these purposes he seems to meet admirably. Whatever his subject holds of interest—such as cultural development, scientific discoveries, the teachings of Confucius and other ancient Chinese philosophers—is properly emphasized; where fogginess prevails—and much of the early history of China is very foggy—there is a frank confession of ignorance on the author's part; and when Professor Hirth finds it necessary to dissent from the conclusions of other scholars, he is careful to make clear the reasons for the views he adopts.

*Justice to the Jew*

Race prejudice, as a great Biblical scholar has recently observed, is a clear sign of poverty and decadence both in religion and morality. The present new edition[2] of a work published nine years ago, and now rewritten, is a strong statement of facts which demonstrate the irrationality of prejudice against any Jew because he is a Jew. It comes with peculiar force from one who confesses that he himself was once blinded by such prejudice. Dr. Peters is not always duly careful in statement or temperate in language, but blemishes of such sort are venial in comparison with the unreason and inhumanity at which he strikes.

[1] The Ancient History of China to the End of the Chou Dynasty. By Friedrich Hirth, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press, New York. $2.50, net.

[2] Justice to the Jew. By Madison C. Peters. (New and Revised Edition.) The McClure Company, New York.

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*Grillparzer*

For the first time in English, the Austrian drama has been worthily celebrated;[1] the present volume is the first comprehensive attempt to acquaint American and English readers with Franz Grillparzer, perhaps the greatest of Austrian dramatists. Mr. Pollak treats him both as dramatist and as man. A Viennese by birth, Mr. Pollak brings to his task a sympathy which readers of the New York Nation and the New York Evening Post have had abundant opportunity of knowing and valuing. The present volume is an outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered three years ago at the Johns Hopkins University, and, with the exception of "Sappho," the translations are the first English renderings of Grillparzer's plays. They will make American and English readers, unfamiliar with German, aware of what a loss has been theirs until the publication of this volume. The opportunity comes late to know a man whose ultimate place in German literature, in the opinion of some of his enthusiastic admirers, will be next Goethe and Schiller. Some of Grillparzer's dramatic works have given rise to divided judgments, but he left to the world at least ten plays of high rank. These plays are remarkable for conception and development of plot, for accurate character-drawing, and for style. Like every true genius, Grillparzer rose superior both to his inheritance and his environment. Mr. Pollak generally permits him to speak for himself, drawing upon the autobiography freely. The poet died in 1872, after a life full of creative activity and of distinguished association. He delivered the funeral oration over Beethoven, whose friend he was, as he was the friend of Schubert and of Rossini, of Goethe and Heine. The chapter on Grillparzer's visit to Weimar should not be omitted by any Goethe-lover. In the longer accounts by others we possess no more accurate description of how Goethe looked and talked; we certainly possess no more charming self-revelation. His account of Beethoven is also of great interest as a piece of literary portraiture. Mr. Pollak's volume also partakes somewhat of the character of a history of Austrian literature. He pays his respects to those German historians of literature and the German language, whether written in Germany or Austria, who have given scant space to Grillparzer. Even Wilhelm Scherer, one of the most fair-minded of them, does not, in Mr. Pollak's judgment, give Grillparzer adequate treatment. Mr. Pollak presents a very interesting comparison of Grillparzer with his contemporaries Raimund and Anzengruber. In his native land Ferdinand Raimund, who died in 1836, enjoys a fame as secure as that of Burns and Andersen. Ludwig Anzengruber died less than two decades ago, and was the creator of the peasant drama. He also has the reward of a grateful country's recognition, as one realizes when he sees the dramatist's rugged figure on a rough pedestal in one of the Vienna parks. Had it not been for making the volume too stout, Mr. Pollak might well have included a third contrast, with Peter Rosegger, perhaps the most characteristically Austrian writer, past or present. But the novelist is still living, and it may have seemed more appropriate to Mr. Pollak to compare Grillparzer only with the two principal early and late contemporaries. The present volume has great value in the new information which it presents concerning Austrian social, literary, and political conditions during Grillparzer's time; it is a piece of biographical criticism of exceptional value by reason of its sound scholarship, competent literary judgment, and thorough workmanship.

[1] Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama. By Gustav Pollak. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

*Hypnotism and Disease*

Among the causes which have contributed to retard scientific recognition of the value of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, not the least influential have been the extravagant and sensational claims made by enthusiasts on the subject. Nowadays, having gained clearer insight into the limitations as well as the possibilities of hypnotism, its exponents usually preserve an attitude of due caution. But every once in a while a book appears which is more startling than soundly informative. Dr. John D. Quackenbos's recent work, "Hypnotic Therapeutics,"[1] belongs to this class. It has the merit of emphasizing what is now steadily gaining recognition—the importance of the rôle played by suggestion in human activities and human welfare. And it gives some excellent advice as to the use of suggestion to increase one's personal effectiveness and happiness. But beyond this there is little to be said in its favor. Scientists will view with regret the element of the mystical and the fantastic which Dr. Quackenbos sees fit to incorporate in his pages; while many who are not scientists will feel that in his enthusiasm he has allowed himself to be swept off his feet, as it were. It is not without significance to discover that, in a bibliography which professes to inform the reader concerning standard works on "psychical therapeutics and allied subjects," absolutely no mention is made of such really authoritative

[1] Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice. By John Duncan Quackenbos, M.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.

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works as the writings of Liébeault, Janet, and Sidis, while room is found for Maxwell's extraordinary "Metapsychical Phenomena" and Marie Corelli's "Wormwood" and several other novels.

*Psychotherapeutics*

The reappearance of Mr. Albert B. Olston's "Mind Power and Privileges,"[1] originally published some six years ago, is doubtless attributable to the present widespread interest in the employment of "suggestion" as an adjunct to medicine. There are many works on the subject more valuable than is Mr. Olston's from the strictly scientific standpoint. His view of the subconscious is a direct challenge to expert criticism, as, indeed, is his exposition of the technique of psychotherapeutics, or the science of healing by suggestion. For an opponent of dogmatism, too, he is sometimes singularly dogmatic himself—as, for instance, his insistence that the denial of "telepathy" is a mark of ignorance. But, for all its obvious defects, his book is at least calculated to perform the real service of stimulating a genuine interest in a subject which deserves to be thoughtfully considered and carefully explored. He has all the readability of the late Thomson Jay Hudson, whose influence is perceptible in Mr. Olston's thought as well as in his style, and he writes with an enthusiasm that bespeaks the sincerity of his desire to "contribute to the common good."

*Over-Sea Britain*

Mr. Knight's "Over-Sea Britain" is a treasury of reference.[2] He describes the geography, historical ethnology, political development, and economic resources of British possessions beyond the sea. The present volume treats only of as much of the Empire as is comprised in British America, British Africa, and the Mediterranean countries. Nine maps aid in an understanding of the text. But the excellent text would seem to merit maps of greater number and detail.

*A New Tree Book*

An exceedingly useful as well as a beautiful book[3] has been prepared by Dr. C. M. Weed, with large and accurate photographs by Mr. A. I. Emerson. The text and pictures together form a complete method of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with American trees. Each photograph brings out clearly the appearance of the tree as a whole, and its leaves, twigs, blossoms, separately. The descriptions are accurate, reasonably full, and tell not only of the characteristics of the tree but about its habitat and usual surroundings.

*Interpretation of the Bible*

The historic withholding of the Bible from the laity by the Catholic Church in its various divisions—Roman, Greek, Russian, etc.—on the ground that it can be truly interpreted to them only by the Church teachers, appears quite absurd in the light of this short history of learned mishandling during twenty centuries.[1] Professor Gilbert has made an interesting contribution to the curiosities of literature in his numerous citations of Biblical interpretations from Philo Judæus to Jonathan Edwards. From this quaking bog of fancy and vagary the transition to the solid ground of historical and natural interpretation came late and gradually; nor, as his foot-notes show, have all church teachers reached it. We still have "numerous influential schools of theology and other educational institutions in which the traditional view of the Bible is defended as though it were the very Ark of God." This volume deserves commendation to all Bible readers who are concerned for reality, for the facts inlaid in the Scriptures, and for their meaning. What historical criticism has done for a true appreciation of the Bible is shown in the concluding chapter—"The Scientific Era of Biblical Interpretation"—and also what it has effected toward a more realistic conception of Jesus. The ideal of Biblical criticism Professor Gilbert rightly regards as still beyond us. Less prejudice and bias, more largeness and clearness of view, are still needed in the employ of its scientific method. What has been accomplished by it must be viewed as only "a new germ planted in the church" for cultivation by the children of the light.

*Mary Stuart*

We welcome a second and cheaper edition of Florence Maccunn's "Mary Stuart."[2] Two years have elapsed since the initial publication of this readable biography. Though it may not bear the weight of the highest authority, its graphic text appeals to readers of all classes and ages. In the popularization of history such books deserve a wide audience, especially when, as in the present instance, the volume has the valuable accompaniment of many interesting illustrations.

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[1] Mind Power and Privileges. By Albert B. Olston. (Seventh Thousand.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1 50, net.

[2] Over-Sea Britain. By E. F. Knight. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.

[3] Our Trees, How to Know Them. By Clarence M. Weed, D.Sc. Photographs by Arthur I. Emerson. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.

[1] Interpretation of the Bible. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] Mary Stuart. By Florence A. Maccunn. (Second Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.

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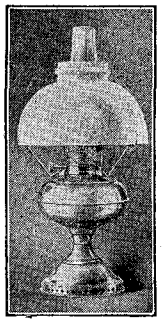

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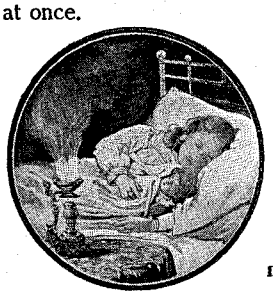

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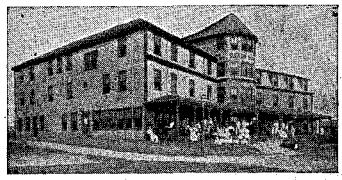

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